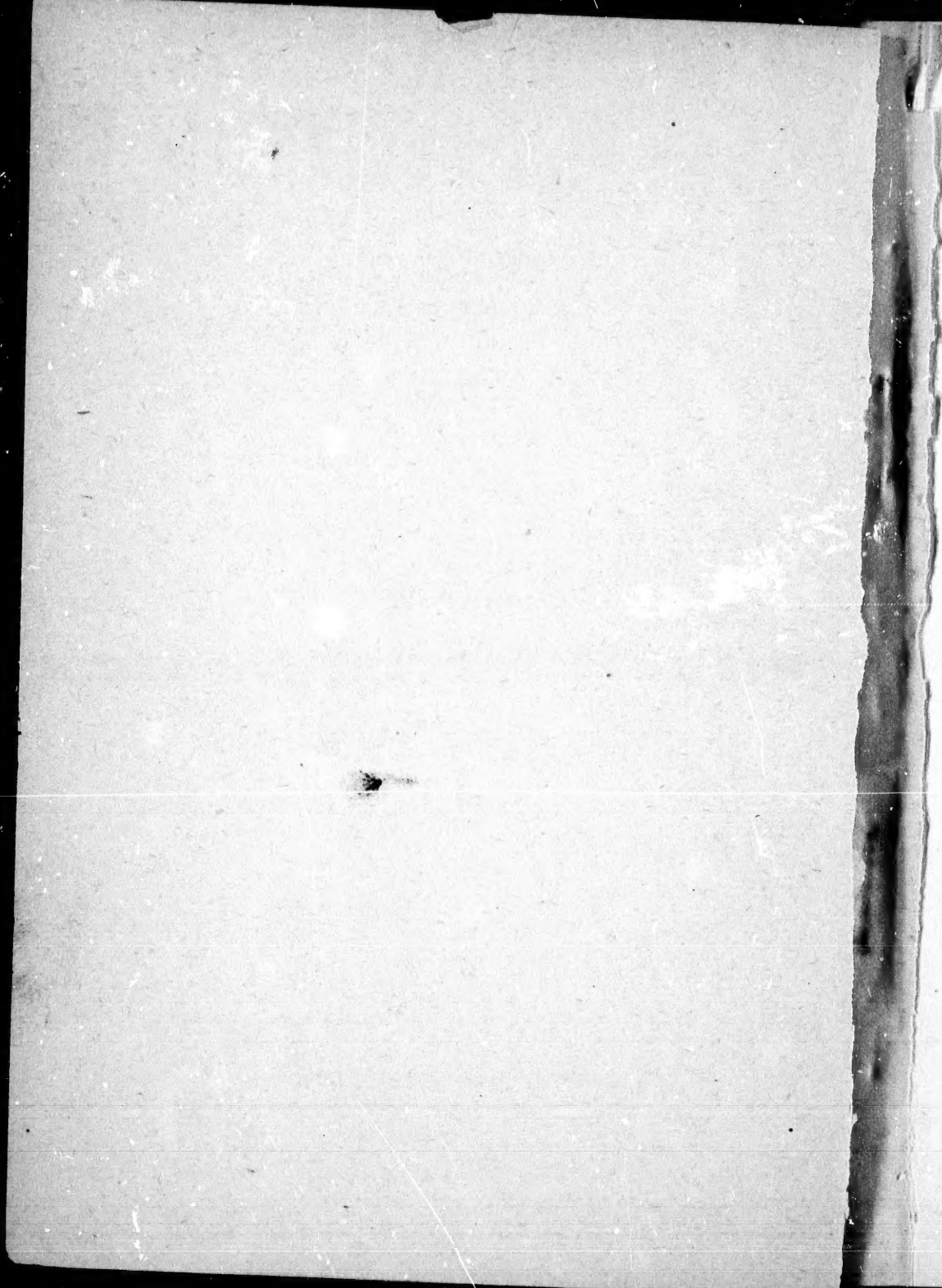




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CATARRH CAN BE CURED!

But not by the use of the liquids, snuffs, powders, etc., usually offered the public as catarrh cures. Some of these remedies may afford temporary relief but none have ever been known to effect a permanent cure. The reason for this is that these so-called cures do not reach the seat of the disease. To cure catarrh you must reach the root of the disease and remove the original cause of the trouble. NASAL BALM is the only remedy yet discovered that will do this. *It never fails*, and in even the most aggravated cases a cure is certain if NASAL BALM is persistently used. It is a well-known fact that catarrh in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred originated from a cold in the head, which the sufferer neglected. NASAL BALM affords immediate relief when used for cold in the head. It is easy to use, requiring no douche or instrument, and is soothing, cleansing and healing. As positive evidence that catarrh can be cured by the use of NASAL BALM, we submit the following testimonials from among hundreds similar in our possession:—

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Miss Addie Howison, Brockville, Ont., says: I had catarrh for years, my head was so stopped up I could not breathe through my nostrils. My breath was very impure and continually so. Nothing I could get gave me any relief until using Nasal Balm. From the very first it gave me relief and in a very short time had removed the accumulation so that I could breathe freely through the nostrils. Its effect on my breath was truly wonderful, purifying and removing every vestige of the unpleasant odor, which never returned.

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Mr. John Foster, Raymond, Ont., writes: Nasal Balm acts like a charm for my catarrh. I have only used it a short time and now feel better than at any period during the last seven years. In fact I am sure of a cure and at very small expense.

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LESLIE VAUGHAN,

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may, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
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—From Prologue

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	9
PART I.	
CHAPTER I.	13
CHAPTER II.—THE FOLK AT CAMBUSLEIGH—STRUCK BY THE FATAL DART	20
CHAPTER III.—THE VAGARIES OF CUPID.....	23
CHAPTER IV.—THE VOW OF CAMBUSLEIGH.....	30
PART II.	
CHAPTER V.—LIFE WITH THE AXE IN THE FOREST.....	35
CHAPTER VI.—CAMPING IN THE FOREST	39
CHAPTER VII.—A STRANGE SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.....	49
CHAPTER VIII.—A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER COMES UPON THE SCENE	54
CHAPTER IX.—GILBERT AND THE LAIRD — BAD TIMES FOR JEANIE	61
CHAPTER X.—THE DRIVER DISCLOSES HIS AFFECTION FOR CHARLIE OGILBIE—THE MAN OF MYSTERY	65

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XI.....	72
CHAPTER XII.....	79
CHAPTER XIII.....	83
CHAPTER XIV.....	85
CHAPTER XV.—DARK DAYS AT CAMBUSLEIGH	94
CHAPTER XVI.—CHARLIE OGILBIE WITNESSES A STRANGE SCENE IN THE FOREST, AND WONDERS MORE AND MORE, WHO HIS NEW FRIEND CAN BE.....	96
CHAPTER XVII.—CHARLIE MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE ...	101
CHAPTER XVIII.—THE INDIAN CAMP	110
CHAPTER XIX.—THE BORDERS OF THE TEARLESS LAND.....	117
CHAPTER XX.—STRANGE ALTERATIONS IN HAZELRIG LILBURN— TWO OLD FRIENDS MEET UPON THE RIVER...	123
CHAPTER XXI.—THE OLD LIGHT BACK AGAIN.....	128
CHAPTER XXII.—WHAT CHARLIE LEARNED AT MIDNIGHT.....	133
CHAPTER XXIII.—STRANGE REVELATIONS—GOOD FORTUNE FOR CHARLIE OGILBIE	137
CHAPTER XXIV.—STARTLING INTELLIGENCE FROM CAMBUSLEIGH	148
CONCLUSION—ON THE SLOPES OF ARTHUR'S SEAT	152

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INTRODUCTION.

Threescore and ten I can remember well; Within the volume of which time, I have seen hours dreadful, and things strange.

Shakspeare.

The busy little city of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, presents an interesting and animated scene to the eye of the stranger, who finds himself therein, in pursuit of pleasure, or with a view to gain. Its situation is picturesque. It has risen from the ashes of the recent fire with fair and even stately look, creditable to the taste and spirit of its people.

Its wharfs are lined with many a craft, about to bear away to many a distant land the forest product of New Brunswick; while the broad bosom of the inlet of the Bay of Fundy, on which the city stands, seems destined to become, let us hope, at no distant day, one of the most frequented harbours of the continent of America.

It is not, however, till we stand beside its broad and brimming river that we fully realize how charming is the situation of St. John. A fairer scene is rarely found than that which meets the eye when the waters of the St. John open to the view, stretching far away like some

charming lake, girdled by the forest; while tree-crowned rocks shoot boldly into the flood; and there the water rests in some rock-girt bay, mirroring the forest and the heavens.

It was in full appreciation of the various charms of this noble river, but many miles above the city, that a youthful stranger sauntered, one day in summer, along its banks. The day was sultry, the sun poured down his rays relentlessly, and, as several miles had still to be traversed before he could reach his destination, the youth sought a resting-place at a house of attractive, almost elegant appearance, which stood on an elevation overlooking a quiet and picturesque inlet of the river.

At the door sat a venerable matron, whose fingers plied her knitting-needles as deftly as if she were still in her early prime. Her hair was white as snow, and peeped from under her snow-white cap in silvery curls, becoming to a face which still retained no inconsiderable share of its early comeliness. She had a look, too, of quiet dignity, which became her well. As the youth approached her, the old lady rose to her feet, dropped a graceful courtesy, and, with a pleasant smile, gave him welcome; for she had gathered at a glance that he was a stranger and a gentleman.

The young man raised his hat respectfully, and accosted her in a manner that won for him the sympathy of one quick to discover gentle breeding and an amiable disposition in look and voice.

"And ye'll be frae the auld land far awa?" she said, after some observations had been interchanged about the weather and scenery.

"From Scotland, madam," he answered readily, not ashamed of the land of the heather and the flood!

"Aweel, aweel! And weel I kend the auld familiar tongue!" she said, with a tone of sadness, while a kindly light shone in her mild blue eyes, and a higher colour mantled on her cheek. "Ye'll hae been to Edinbro? Dear auld Reekie, wi' its auld world memories, an' it's bonnie Arthur's seat!"

"I think I have! It's my native place."

Her eyes shone with pleasure, and a tear or two ran slowly down her cheeks. It was clear that the love of home was still alive within her breast, and that not all the beauty of the fair St. John could chill her heart to her fatherland!

For more than an hour they sat and talked of old Edina,—the youth telling her of changes in old familiar scenes, of people who had passed away, and of events of which she had become aware only through such scanty rills of news as had but quickened a desire for a further knowledge of occurrences so interesting to the exile's heart:—while she, from the resources of a memory which time seemed only to have rendered more accurate, poured into his willing ear many a thrilling narrative of other days.

Then they parted, with the understanding that he would visit her once more ere he had departed for his native land.

About a week after the occurrences just related our friend presented himself again to his new-found friend.

The good old lady was seated, as on the former occasion, plying her busy needles. Again she rose to welcome

him, with the formal but becoming courtesy which clung to her as an inheritance from other days, and with a beaming look that spoke of personal regard, and of the memories of Auld Lang Syne. And then the conversation drifted to the old familiar themes, and she related to him the incidents which we have woven into the following narrative.



CHARLIE OGILBIE.

CHAPTER I.

"I'll shape myself a way to higher things,
And who will say 'tis wrong?"

One summer evening, in the early part of this century, a certain Charlie Ogilbie stood on the shore of Ulster, with his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the grey hills of Scotland. There was speculation in his clear hazel eye—an earnest far-off look—and there was a flush on his cheek which showed that his heart was stirred by the contemplation of some subject of no common interest. His tall athletic form was drawn to its full height, and his arms, bare to the elbows, for he had been hard at work, were folded across his ample chest, displaying his fine proportions to the full.

Indeed, nature had endowed him with her noblest gifts of physical development. He was just the man a sculptor would have chosen for a model, or a painter have depicted in the foreground of his canvas, with his brave young face bronzed by the breezes of the sea; his daring look; a man to hold his head erect, conscious, while yielding deference where deference was due, that 'a man's a man for a that!' Besides, Charlie had an air and look of refinement which would have become a station far above his own.

The Ogilbies had seen better days, but riches had taken wings, and the father of our new acquaintance had

crossed the narrow sea that separates Antrim from Argyle, and had leased a farm in Ulster.

When his circumstances began to mend, it occurred to Archie Ogilbie that he might, without fear of pecuniary embarrassment, maintain a family; so he married a young Irish lady, whose relations, however, regarded the alliance as a step in the wrong direction for the fair Edith McDonald, with the blood of the O'Neils and the McDonalds of the Isles running in her veins, regardless of the fact that Archie Ogilbie, as well as she, was come of gentle race.

Of this alliance, Charlie, and his brother Edward, were the only offspring. Charlie was the elder; and on him devolved, after the death of his father, while the youth was scarcely out of boyhood, the care of the farm at Willowbrook.

With spirit that did him credit, Charlie set to work; but it was no easy task which fortune had laid upon him at his early age. The land was cold and stubborn; the rent, although not high, was demanded to the day; the seasons had become unfavourable; and the mother whom he loved so well must never know an hour's anxiety on account of the loss of the strong hand and steady head that had kept the larder full and the bailiffs from the door.

But do what he might, affairs at Willowbrook were disheartening. Then, the failure of a Bank swept away all the savings which the thrifty Archie had amassed, and left them subject to repeated calls on the part of the creditors.

In these circumstances, Charlie's thoughts began to turn to other lands; but so reduced had his means become that it was no easy thing to procure the money to carry him across the wide Atlantic. But his heart was young and hopeful, and a scheme arose in his fertile brain by which to accomplish his desire.

Whilst he stood, as we have found him, with his eyes fixed so wistfully on the Scottish shores, it was this project that occupied his mind.

"I say, mother," he said briskly, "you'll not be lonely if I'm off to the harvest?"

"The harvest, Charlie! That's a strange idea! Have you not the land at home to mind, my dear?"

"Never mind the land at home, mother. It won't run away, and little matter if it did. Besides, the crop here won't be in a hurry. Look at the seasons we have—a water-spout every day of the six, and a Noah's flood on Sunday! Cast your eye across the braes above, with the grain as green as the meadows in May! While all this is so, what's to be got by hanging about at home? "I'll go and win my passage to America!"

"O, Charlie, darling! Is it my heart you mean to break?" Mrs. Ogilbie said anxiously, for she deemed that what he said he meant.

"Ah, then, that's the last thing in life you'll ever have to blame me for," he said, with a look that was an unmistakable assurance of sincerity. "A bad sort of blessing that would bring to start in life with, mother! But, now look here—what's the use hanging about the hills of Willowbrook? My father did well enough, but that time's past! What have we got for all my work, late and early? What but disappointment? and still more to follow! In the new land across the sea I'll hew out a home for us, where there's no rent and little taxes to take the heart out of a fellow's prospects! And you'll come out in due time, and end your days in plenty, mother," said Charlie with enthusiasm.

"And the time you'll be away, dear!" she said very sadly.

"You'll take heart in the reflection that it's all for the best, mother."

"Who can be sure of that? Who can be sure of that?"

"Who can be certain about anything that's down behind the future, like a ship below the horizon? But surely we can hope? And Ned can mind the farm till you both come out—without taking a passage for your troubles to come along with you!" he said with a beam-

ing expression on his face in which might have been discerned the determination of the Scot mingling with the light-hearted dash of the Irish character.

"O, Charlie, darling, trouble has sent your wits running after shadows!"

"Never fear, mother; never fear; they'll not run so fast but I'll come up with them! And they'll not lead me far astray, when all's done. What's the use staying here?—where nothing comes round at the time you're looking for it but the payment o' the rent an' taxes?"

Three weeks after this conversation took place, Mr. Charlie Ogilbie had obtained employment from a farmer in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

The scene of Charlie's new employment was in the neighbourhood of Duddingston. His ready ways and quaint cheerful humour soon made him a favourite in the old farmhouse of Cambusleigh; while his strong arm and Irish dash among the reapers in the harvest-field placed him high in the estimation of the gudeman himself.

The homestead and farm of Cambusleigh had been in the possession of the family of which old Gilbert Carmichael was, at this time, the representative, since the days when the baron's bugle called their father's from the plough to don helm and draw brand for a brush in the Canongate of Edinburgh; or to mount and away for a raid across the English border. There they had spoken with bated breath, around the same old hearth, of the dark deed of the Kirk o' Field; of the captive of Lochleven; and of the fair head, that once adorned a crown, laid low for the headsman's axe! They had donned their suit of hodden grey, and repaired to old St. Giles to hear the fiery eloquence of Knox: and had heard the bagpipes of Prince Charlie sounding victory at Prestonpans. What wonder, then, that the Carmichaels loved their own old Cambusleigh? What wonder if there glowed in the breast of Gilbert Carmichael a sort of veneration for the '*gude auld stock*,' as he was pleased to call his race?

There was, however, one element in Gilbert's nature stronger even than his pride of race—and that was his thirst for riches. This had become, by long indulgence, almost a mania. For him there was little pleasure in the affairs of life apart from such transactions as tended to increase his 'gear,' of which, indeed, he had not succeeded in accumulating a very ample store.

The other members of the family at Cambusleigh were Jeanie,—the only one remaining of a once numerous group of sons and daughters around the family board—and Miss Margery Carmichael, sister to the gudeman of Cambusleigh.

Jeanie was the youngest and the last, and the hearts of her father and her aunt clave to her with especial tenderness. Indeed her gentle nature and winning manners had won her friends wherever she was known; and the sweet winsome face of Jeanie Carmichael lived in the thoughts of many a youth within the wide circuit of the Lothians.

Of course she had detractors. The three Miss Dalrymples turned up their three little noses, and tossed their heads disdainfully, as they passed the saucy minx on their way to kirk, and were well disposed to exclude her from the comprehension of their prayers. Miss Willock just detested the frivolous little chit, with her smiles and airs. And Mrs. Saunders wondered what the laddies saw in the airy little jade, unless, indeed, they set their caps at Cambusleigh. While Jeanie went her way among her amiable neighbours, like a sunbeam all undimmed by the murky atmosphere around it, Miss Margery, or Margy, as she was called among her friends, turned an indignant eye on the detractors of her niece.

"Wha amang them a' could haud the candle till she settles her bannet?" she used to say, with a toss of her head that set her auburn curls dancing about her chubby cheeks, and with a sparkle in her eye that was a warning to all whom it might concern that Miss Margery in that mood was decidedly dangerous.

Miss Margery Carmichael was past the freshness of her youth, but had not yet outlived the ardour of her aspirations. With a bright joyous nature, a shapely form, a face which, if not exactly pretty, was unquestionably pleasing, and six hundred pounds sterling at her own disposal, the wonder was that some worthy neighbour had not been wise enough to ask her to change her name and migrate from Cambusleigh.

So thought her friends in the neighbourhood of Duddingston, but Miss Margy smiled complacently, as she listened to the sly hints and amiable innuendos on the part of her dearest friends, and left them to the undisturbed enjoyment of their reflections.

"Set them up, indeed! speerin' after ither folks concerns," she would say to herself. "Mattie Watters little kens that Jock o' the Cleuch cockit his bannet at *somebody* before he trotted like a sheep at her ain coat tail!"

But Miss Margery had a *penchant*—a little, trembling, but persistent flame, only half acknowledged even to her own inner consciousness—in the core of her gentle heart, and the object of her regard was the neighbouring Laird of Maxwellhaugh.

Not much of a Laird, indeed, was Johnny Maxwell, of Maxwellhaugh. His fathers had been men of mark in the days of Auld Lang Syne; but bit by bit their lands had passed to other hands, and, while the Laird himself had no longer the bearing of his sires, and spoke the broadest Doric of his native fields, at the time of our narrative little remained of the ancient heritage save the house of Maxwellhaugh and a farm thereto attached, with a few hundred acres, let to half a dozen tenants, on the cold slopes of the Pentland hills. Unlike Gilbert Carmichael, the Laird had little reverence for ancient lineage, and the quality of his blood. "What's the use o' blood whan the siller's gane?" he used to say to Gilbert. "Na, na, neighbour, they sparfed awa' the bonnie

crofts, an' I needna thank them for what winna buy tobacco for my pipe ! ”

Between the Laird and the Carmichaels there had been a life-long intimacy. Their lands of Cambusleigh and Maxwellhaugh lay side by side ; there was, besides, a link of ancient kinship—the far-out cousinhood, which, in Scotland, is only extinguished by the extinction of the race—to warm the social intercourse of the respective families.

But there was another bond between Gilbert and the Laird, not so pleasant on Carmichael's part, but much more binding than the link of blood or old association—a bond that bound him in two thousand pounds sterling to John Maxwell, of Maxwellhaugh. To Gilbert this was a sore distress, but he found a source of comfort in a hope that he might yet see his daughter's fortunes united to those of the Laird of Maxwellhaugh.

CHAPTER II.

THE FOLK AT CAMBUSLEIGH—STRUCK BY THE FATAL DART !

It was not very long till a pretty clear perception of the characteristics of the people among whom his lot was cast began to unfold itself to the shrewd eye of Charlie Ogilbie. He soon perceived that Gilbert Carmichael would have sold himself to Satan to be put on the way to wealth, and that under his off-hand hearty bearing there was a stubborn and determined will, with a fiery temper, held well in check, but which, if once let loose, would vent itself with the fury of a volcano. To all this Charlie was indifferent. He meant to render honest work for ready cash—and, hence, it mattered little to the light-hearted Ulsterman what freaks of temper lurked in the brain of his employer. He had not the least idea, then, that circumstances would arise which would make Carmichael's impetuous temper and determined will important influences in his own career !

Of Miss Margery Carmichael he formed, at an early period, a very favourable impression, and, when the day's work was done, he was a willing volunteer for an extra job in the garden, or with the scythe upon the lawn. Nor need it be supposed that so fair a girl as Jeanie would pass unnoticed by so quick an eye as Charlie's ! If his heart beat faster when he heard her step, was it not the heart of an Irish lad, warm and tender as the summer sunshine on his own green vales ?

As to the Laird of Maxwellhaugh, Charlie soon began to dislike him with ever growing hostility. They had never exchanged a word, and had done to one another

nothing ill, but Charlie had begun to look upon the Laird as little short of an enemy, a sight of whom sent him skipping across the harvest-rig with redoubled energy. There was something in the nature of the man extremely repugnant to the genial-hearted Ulsterman. His cold reticent bearing; the half-sarcastic smile so often on his lips; and his heartless drawl, grated on Charlie's susceptibilities in a manner scarcely conducive to the cultivation of benevolence.

It was a glowing afternoon in August. From a cloudless sky the sun sent down his fiery beams; the ground returned his warmth as with the exhalation of a furnace; and the reapers lagged upon the ridge, regardless that the eye of the master was upon them.

Charlie, who was in the van, and leading the way in a manner delightful to the watchful Gilbert, laid aside, for once, his unflinching alacrity, drew his sleeve across his dripping brow, and then, folding his arms across his chest, paused to give his followers time to draw their breath a bit.

There was an exclamation from some of the group; and looking in the direction indicated, they saw Jeanie Carmichael tripping across the field, bearing a pitcher of drink.

There was a murmur of approbation; and many a heart grew warm for the sweet young heiress of Cam-busleigh.

It was a sight to see how daintily she tripped along the field, the peach-like bloom of her cheeks heightened by exercise and the quickened beating of her warm young heart, and her golden tresses gleaming like the sunbeams. She was scarcely of the middle height, but in symmetry her figure was perfect, and her every movement full of grace. The shapely head set on a neck of admirable mould. The face was oval, forehead low, with arched and finely-pencilled brows; nose slightly aquiline, and admirably formed; and lips and chin seemed to hold themselves in readiness to

dimple into smiles in unison with her lovely eyes 'o bonnie blue'. Such was the "Maid of Cambusleigh;" and fairer was none than she in all broad Midlothianshire.

She set the pitcher down, with an inviting look to the jaded reapers; but ere she turned away to join her father, where he sat on a heap of sheaves, she took the cup, poured out a little cider, and carried it to her lips, for she, too, felt weary with the oppressive heat of the sultry day.

In an instant half-a-dozen youths had surrounded the welcome gift; and one was about to drink, when a hand took hold of the cup, and quietly took possession of it, —the ready hand of Charlie Ogilbie.

"A thousand pardons? Only I first, if you please?" he said.

"If that's your Irish manners you're no the man for Scotlan', frien!" said the irritated youth, starting to his feet, with flushing brow and flashing eye.

Charlie looked at him over the edge of the goblet, poised before his lips, with a quiet twinkle in his eye.

"Then sure its myself," he said, "will take the sweetness off the cup, an' then you're welcome one and all! Here's to the fairest flower that blooms on the braes o' Scotland!"

In another moment he was skipping along the line of golden grain, with his hook flashing as a beam of light, and deep in his heart of hearts the arrow shot from those two sweet eyes 'o' bonnie blue'!

CHAPTER III.

THE VAGARIES OF CUPID.

It was evident enough that the pawky Laird of Maxwellhaugh was drawn by some strong attraction to the old farm-house of Cambusleigh, but few had, as yet, discovered whether it was the blue-eyed Jeanie, or the auburn ringlets of Miss Margery. If Johnny himself had made up his mind, he had not thought proper to declare it, and left each gentle heart to hope or fear according to its inclination.

It could scarcely be supposed that a girl of Jeanie's time of life would be deeply enamoured with a gentleman of forty five. Of course he could introduce her into a class in the social scale far above the circle into which she had been born ; and although he was far from being affluent, there was enough to maintain a moderate establishment, and turn her out in silk or satin on gala-days and Sundays. His looks, besides, were beyond the average of masculine endowments ; and he could be fairly agreeable when it pleased him ; but never a thought had Jeanie of the Laird of Maxwellhaugh.

Not so Miss Margery. The modest little *penchant* kept lurking in the corners of her heart, coiled among the cares of her busy life at Cambusleigh, ready to awake into very swift development of sincere affection.

It was singular that so shrewd a mind as Margy's had not ere now discerned the true nature of the man ; the callous heart that beat behind his mask of smiles ; the cool determined will ; and cynical indifference to what-

ever had no connexion with himself. A hundred little incidents might have made it clear enough, as they had to Jeanie, but Miss Margy seemed to see him only as he appeared among his friends at Cambusleigh,—courteous, smiling, bland.

It was a delightful evening in September, and the harvest moon was at the full. Gilbert Carmichael and his men were busy in the field ; and Miss Margery, who always took a lively interest in the operations on the farm, had sauntered forth to enjoy the sight of the ingathering of the grain.

She had not gone far when she was joined by the Laird of Maxwellhaugh.

" I wot ye'll mind the time when we used to toddle doon to Wattie's school together ?" he said as they sauntered slowly side by side.

" It's no sae lang gane by, Laird."

" No sae lang but that there's a while o' life before us yet, Margy ! and ye'll mind wee unsignified Willie Wylie ? and how I laid my satchel to his lugs because he splashed the water o' the burn upon ye ?"

" I mind it weel, Johnny," said Miss Carmichael with a kindly look at her companion.

" That's right, Margy ! call me Johnny ! aye, call me Johnny. It's just like auld times cam back again."

" No, because I dinna mind on the distance between Cambusleigh and Maxwellhaugh," said Miss Carmichael, in modest deprecation of any appearance of undue familiarity.

" Tut, awa ! I dinna ken o' muckle o' an impediment when there's a kindly disposition to a growing friendship !"

" I'm sure the sentiment's reciprocal," said Miss Margery, looking down, and toying demurely with her apron strings.

" It's an auld story, now, since Cambusleigh and Maxwellhaugh were first acquaintit, Margy ! and should

ould acquaintance be forgot ? as Rabbie Burns wants to ken ?”

“Na, na, Johnny, *Na, na*,” said Miss Carmichael, gently shaking her head, in tender appreciation of the sentiment.

“What’s life wi’out a frien’, Margy ? and what’s the use o’ a snug fireside wi’ naething but the cat for company ? ane’s whyles inclined to settle up affairs, bestow ane’s gudes upon the parish, and become a monk, Margy.”

“Eh ! guide us ! Sic a sentiment !”

“It’s just the philosophy o’ fash and worry ! Its dreigh leading a lonely life, Margy ! and that puts it in my head—Ye’ll need to keep your eye on Jeanie.”

“On Jeanie, Laird !”

“Ay, just on Jeanie. Think ye she’ll no hae sweet-hearts, Margy ?”

“Likely enough, and wherefore no ?”

“Ye dinna ken o’ ony ?”

“I only ken there’s naebody to the fore. And I ken, forby, that he’ll need a stout heart and a fu’ purse that asks Gilbert Carmichael for Jeanie o’ Cambusleigh.”

The Laird broke out into a hearty laugh, and rubbed his hands together gleefully, much to the amazement of his companion, who saw nothing in her remark to occasion that demonstration of merriment. “Ay, ay, Margy,” he said again, “ye’ll need to keep an eye on Jeanie.”

On the following morning, Miss Margery Carmichael awoke from her peaceful slumbers with a very agreeable recollection of her *tête-à-tête* with Maxwellhaugh. While arranging the table for breakfast, it was evident that her mind was occupied with other thoughts than of oatmeal porridge and finnan haddie. Her eye was soft and beaming, her air was sprightly, and a pleasant smile lurked about her rosy lips. Her attire had a look of even more than its ordinary neatness ; and to her ringlets had been given an extra twist. There was a light quick step on the gravel-plot before the house, and a sweet voice was heard singing an old Scotch air ; and

the next moment Jeanie entered the breakfast room, as fresh and blooming as the roses, looking in so sweetly at her through the open window.

"Ye'll no take it ill if I gie ye a word o' counsel Jeanie?" said Miss Margy, gently.

"I'm no just sae silly, Auntie."

"Then, my bonnie dearie! ye'll just observe a lady-like reserve wi' the Laird when he comes to Cambusleigh."

"Auntie, are you dreaming?"

"Na, Jenny; wide awake. And you'll see, upon reflection, that a lassie scarcely out o' her teens suld be reserved and modest; and lea' the company-keeping to folk o' mair maturity, Jeanie."

"Then you're free to the Laird, Auntie," said Jeanie, with a merry laugh, "and wi' a' my heart I wish the puir auld man wad keep awa frae Cambusleigh."

"He's a gentleman by birth and breeding, lass."

"And may ca' the king his cousin, if you will, Auntie."

"He's mild, and meek, and modest, Jeanie."

"Sae is the auld grey cat, but it has sixteen claws for a' that."

"Do ye no reflect that you're speaking o' the Laird o' Maxwellhaugh?" said Miss Margery, bridling up, and tossing her head indignantly, "but gude preserve us! there he is himsel! What has brought him to Cambusleigh at this time o' day?"

There was something quite peculiar in Johnny's look and bearing as he bowed himself into the room. There was laughter in his eye; there was mirth in his smile; there was an expression of suppressed enjoyment of some bright idea. He smirked and smiled at Jeanie. He forgot the manners of a gentleman, and bestowed a wink, and a nudge with his elbow, on the demure and blushing Margery.

To Gilbert Carmichael, coming home to breakfast, the sight of Johnny Maxwell, at that early hour, was rather

a cause of perplexity, and immediately brought to his remembrance those two thousand pounds, with a dismal vision of foreclosure. He had never felt quite certain that he might not, one day or other, be called on by the Laird to discharge his obligation; or to pay a higher rate of interest, under penalty of foreclosure. Gilbert measured friendship by a standard of his own; and never placed complete reliance on that emotion when money was in question.

There was an anxious look in Gilbert's eyes as he saluted his visitor.

"Superb weather for the harvest!" said the Laird, rubbing his hands, and indulging in another nod to Jeanie.

"Eh! mon, it's fine! It's just fine; and if it lasts a week or twa half the stooks in Cambusleigh will be siller in the Bank, before the harvest mune has blinkit hersel awa," returned Carmichael, with a shrewd look at his friend and his thoughts running on the half-year's interest on that two thousand pounds shortly accruing due.

"Will ye no sit doon and break your fast, Laird?" he continued, setting a chair for his guest.

"I wad wi' pleasure, mon, only I hae breakfasted already. Will ye do me the favour o' a word wi' ye, when ye hae breakfasted yoursel? and may I hope that the ladies will excuse this intrusion at an hour sae unseemly?"

"Hout tout! ye needna mention *that*, mon," said Gilbert. "And no to keep you waiting, Laird, I'm entirely at your service."

So saying, the good man of Cambusleigh led the way into another apartment.

"Ye'll no think me joking, if I tell ye a bit o' my mind?" said Maxwell, with a sly look.

"If ye tell me you're in earnest it wadna be manners to misbelieve ye," Carmichael answered, dryly.

"And if I said what looks like joking, ye wadna tak' me for a fool, auld man?"

"I dinna ken that the conclusion wad necessarily follow frae the premises, as the minister wad say."

"If I tak' heart and speak to Jeanie, ye'll no tak' it ill, mon?"

"Hout tout, awa, Laird! She's only but a lassie yet."

"She's just the *belle* o' the Lothians!" said Johnny, with a degree of enthusiasm in voice and manner that fairly astonished the good-man of Cambusleigh.

"You're very complimentary, Maxwellhaugh!" he answered, with a slight inclination of acknowledgment; "and I winna gainsay but she's weel enough. But, Eh, mon, she's fine at keeping house!"

"And kens to measure outlay wi' the income!" said the Laird with a wary look.

"She ne'er saw waste or wanton outlay in the auld farm-house o' Cambusleigh!"

"I'm a prudent mon, ye ken, Carmichael."

"I dinna ken that ony body tak's ye for a fule, Laird."

Johnny's eyes twinkled with a gleam of the pawky humour, which was a distinguishing element in his character.

"I dinna think ye do, lad!" he said, with evident self-appreciation, "and if ye meet that mon just send him to the fair the day I hae a horse to sell!"

"And ye'll no say I'm unmannerly if I speak to Jeanie, mon?" the Laird went on.

"It's over muckle o' an honour, Laird."

"And ye'll put in a word yoursel, just to help to clinch the bargain? When five-and-forty sets his cap at sweet nineteen he's naething the waur o' a frien' at his elbow; and, between you and me, what if I wad settle that twa thousand pun on Jeanie and her bairns, mon?"

"I hae a parent's heart, Laird, a parent's heart; and wad like weel to see my Jeanie weel set doon at her ain fireside. Ye'll settle the twa thousand pun, ye say?"

"By bond, signed and sealed on the day the minister says the word."

"Weel, weel, Maxwellhaugh, tell your story as best ye can, and I'll come in wi' the parental authority, and advise her for her gude."

When Gilbert Carmichael sat down to breakfast it was with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day. The weight of his indebtedness to the Laird pressed no longer so heavily on his avaricious soul. He saw, in anticipation, the lands of Cambusleigh and Maxwellhaugh no longer divided by the old march dyke, but stretching far away in one fair expanse; and he saw his blooming Jeanie jaunting into Edinburgh with gown of silk and feathers in her bonnet, a laird's wife and a' that!

Margery watched her brother's face, and saw that something of more than ordinary interest had been the subject of his interview with Maxwellhaugh. It might have been a question of finance—but Gilbert never had a pleasant look when money was in view. It might have been something connected with the parish, but neither Gilbert nor his friend were likely to look lively while teinds or tombstones were the subjects of their talk. It might have been herself that the Laird had come to speak about. Miss Margery felt a blush mantling on her cheek. The sweet maiden modesty began to tingle in her veins. And then, requesting Jeanie to preside at the breakfast table, she hastened from the room.

"Hey, day!" said Gilbert, "what's wrang wi' your auntie? Maybe she hears the hen keeping the cat frae the chickens."

"Ha! ha! ha! I see you're smirkin', Jeanie. Ha! ha! ha! Aweel, aweel, I just hope ye'll be as thrifty at the housewifry as your auntie, lass! Wi' no a thought behint her bits o' ringlets but the upkeepin' o' Cambusleigh."

CHAPTER IV.

THE VOW OF CAMBUSLEIGH.

The time was approaching when Charlie Ogilbie must return to his native land. With sorrowful heart he contemplated the hour when he must bid adieu to Cambusleigh. The time he had spent with the Carmichaels was more like one long thrill of unalloyed enjoyment than a period of ordinary servitude. Indeed, he had been treated more like one of the family than as a stranger working for his daily wages, for his genial nature had made him friends, and it had been soon discovered that he was, in every way, far above the class who usually seek for employment on a Scottish harvest field.

In the intercourse which he was, hence, permitted with the household, Charlie soon discovered that Jeanie was not indifferent to his presence at Cambusleigh; and many a little incident revealed to the quick appreciation of awakened love that he had found a welcome place in her heart of hearts. The tell-tale flush that stole so sweetly to her cheek, the softening eye, and other little symptoms of the ailment, announced to whom it might concern that Cupid had been busy with his darts!

But this bewitched enamoured Charlie! what was *he* that he might aspire to the heiress of Cambusleigh? and so he thought with deepening sadness of the time when he would see her face no more, and far away in a foreign land dwell on the times at Cambusleigh as on the memory of a dream!

Charlie was in sore distress. His heart was lost! and ever more he must pursue his weary way under the dreary shadow of this early sorrow! He was unable to

bring himself to tell his troubles in the only quarter where consolation might be found, for a sense of his own unworthiness kept him mute. He dare not have recourse to Gilbert Carmichael, as had his rival, Maxwellhaugh. A penniless Irish lad, with little besides his brogue and his black-thorn, what right had *he* to raise his eyes to the *belle* of Cambusleigh, who was the sought of half the eligible youths in the County of Midlothian? It was sad to be so poor and lowly! and Charlie's spirit rose in proud revolt against the bare idea of having his low estate flung contemptuously in his face by the fiery and indignant sire!

It was sad to think, however, of leaving Cambusleigh for ever and not so much as tell her of the conflict raging in his breast; without one word of sympathy to soothe him in the dreary years when an ocean would roll between them, and his heart be lonely on its waters, and troubled as its waves!

It was the last evening in September—the evening preceding the day on which he intended to set out for Willowbrook, with the purpose to spend a week or so at home, and then to take ship for the forests of New Brunswick. Slowly and sadly Charlie wandered around the now familiar Cambusleigh, where every object was endeared to him by some association which would keep fresh in memory for ever. Here he plucked a flower, and placed it carefully in his purse, to carry it far away, as something her sweet eyes had seen! And there he paused beside the brook, at a spot where he oft had seen her linger! His heart was full, and tears were in his eyes; for the dark foreboding of his lonely life fell heavily upon him.

He was aroused from his reverie by the snapping of a twig; and looking quickly up, his eyes rested on the object of his thoughts.

It was evident that the meeting was as unexpected by Jeanie as it was by himself. Her face flushed crimson; for a moment she hesitated; and then, regaining her

composure, she advanced, with the sweet smile that had so often cast its witchery on his heart.

It was now Charlie's turn to be disconcerted, while his heart beat tumultuously, and his strong frame was shaken with emotion. A great joy possessed him; and yet he would have liked to turn away and flee!

The girl's quick eye detected at a glance, divined with unerring instinct, the emotions that held him spell-bound in her presence; and, urged by an impulse akin to that which had arisen in the breast of her lover, she was about to retrace her steps, when Charlie, impelled by a sudden inspiration of the watchful Cupid, flung himself on his knees before her, and folded her little trembling hand in both his own.

"Stay but a minute, Jeanie; stay but a minute," he said with a husky voice.

"Dinna be sae foolish, Charlie."

"Foolish, Jeanie? No, I'm *mad*! O, Jeanie darling! the anguish of a hopeless life drives me beyond the bounds of reason, and gives wings to words I never meant to speak!"

Her eyes, with the long lovely lashes veiling their tender light, were turned away from his burning gaze; but he saw the tears upon her cheeks; and he felt the subtle sympathy of love thrill in her trembling touch!

It needed no confession to tell him she was won. And rising to his feet, and covering his face with his shaking hand, he burst into tears!

"And so you'll not forget me, Jeanie?" he said, after some minutes had elapsed, and they both were calmer.

She looked him in the face, with her still tearful eyes.

"Can I forget mysel, Charlie?"

"But mind, I ask no promise. I crave no engagement. I dare not ask your father for your hand, and I'll never ask his daughter to plight her troth while she cannot ask his blessing on the bands!"

"When the heart is thine, there's little need o' words, Charlie."

He drew himself proudly to the full measure of his splendid stature, while his eye kindled with an expression such as we may suppose shone in the eyes of Scotland's peasant bard when he so sweetly and proudly sang:—

“The King may make a belted Knight,
A Lord, a Peer, and a' that;
An honest man's aboon them a';
A man's a man for a' that!”

“The time may come, Jeanie; the time *may* come,” he said, “when I can claim thy hand, as thy heart is mine! and as to blood and lineage, if these be in the count, well, I'll not lower my bonnet far before the Laird of Maxwellhaugh!”

Jeanie looked upon her lover with eyes twinkling roguishly.

“Ye dinna lo'e the Laird, Charlie?”

He answered only with a contraction of his brows, and a gentle shaking of the head.

“What! No, the Laird o' Maxwellhaugh! sae mild and gentle, wi' his kindly smile! O, fie, Charlie!”

“Not the Laird with his hollow smile, when I know he has set his heart, or what passes for the same, on Jeanie Carmichael of Cambusleigh.”

“O, fie, Charlie! Is that the way ye wish me weel? Sure I'd be leddy o' Maxwellhaugh!”

He wound his arm around her, and drew her to his side.

“And if they try to force ye, Jeanie?”

“Force me to listen to Johnny? *Force* me? Wha?”

“The good-man of Cambusleigh.”

Her bows became contracted, and a very resolute expression gathered on her lips.

“*Force* me, Charlie? Ha! they canna bend the heart; and wi'out my heart I'll never gie my hand. *Never*, while the heavens canopy the earth! *Never*

while blasphemy's a crime, and the Heaven o' heavens frowns upon a lee! Think ye I'll stand before the Minister o' God and mock the Almighty to His face?"

The colour rushed to her cheek and brow; her frame quivered, as he held her in his arms, and gazed upon her radiant beauty; and a look of lofty heroism shone in her flashing eyes. She raised her hands, and spread them out before the stars of night, that now were shining through the paling glory of the setting sun; while a deep stillness seemed to fall upon her, the stillness of an inward awe, as if some strong presentiment possessed her.

"No, while reason keeps its balance, and the life-blood throbs within my heart; no, till the 'golden bowl' is broken, and the 'silver cord' is loosed, will Jean Carmichael lea' the house o' God the wife o' the Laird o' Maxwellhaugh."

She ceased; pressed her hands upon her chest, and then, while something like a sob broke from her quivering lips, she gently disengaged herself from his embrace, and fled towards the house.

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PART II.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE WITH THE AXE IN THE FOREST.

The situation in which Charlie Ogilbie found himself, about two months after the incidents related in the preceding chapter, was not such as to suggest very warm and brilliant anticipations of a prosperous career, or the building of very sumptuous castles in the air.

It was the ancient story—"far off fields look green!"—but in Charlie's surroundings the green had turned to snow, and verdure there was none on the gaunt branches of the forest. His habitation was a shanty of logs, which he shared with the gang of lumberers with whom he was engaged in felling timber on the banks of the St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick. They were rough companions with whom he had to do; men of rude exterior, and manners just as rude, and the leader of the gang was, if not the roughest, assuredly the most notable of the lot.

He had begun his career in life as a sailor in an East-Indiaman; had served as second mate on board a slaver; had been pressed into the Navy of Great Britain, which land had the honour of his birth, but, finding the rules of the service out of harmony with his views, had given them the slip, and had taken up his quarters under the Stars and Stripes. He had been on a plantation in the Southern States, where he gained the affection of the negroes by an adroit application of the whip, the good-

will of his master by his love of discipline and lofty disregard of the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, and his own approval by a steady eye to the interests of No. 1.

He had been on a cattle range in Texas, where his promptitude and dexterity with the pistol had made him the admired of all his friends; while he was regarded by society in general with the respectful consideration due to his undoubted merits.

In appearance, too, he was notable. A six foot measure would have been short of the crown of his coal-black head by at least a couple of inches. His brawny shoulders were like the shoulders of a giant; while his arms, lashed with thews like the sinews of a Hercules, were of such remarkable length, and so much out of the ordinary proportion, as to have the look of not having been intended for him, but buckled on by way of a makeshift—first-rate arms for swinging the woodman's axe, but not at all agreeable to contemplate when used as arguments to maintain his opinion. As to his face, he was not ill-favoured in the form of his features, and he might have been looked upon as a very handsome man but for the sinister expression that lurked in his cold black eyes, and the stern remorseless look graven in lines like iron bands in the lower regions of his face.

Such was Bill the Driver, boss, but not the employer, of the gang with whom Charlie Ogilbie found himself associated for a winter campaign in the lumbering field; with every prospect, surely, of agreeable companionship o' winter nights at the shanty fire.

It was with a view to devote himself to the trade of a master lumberer that Charlie had shouldered the axe; judging, wisely, that an apprenticeship to experience is an essential of success to him who is ambitious to rise above the condition of mere possible existence.

The two members of the party whom Charlie regarded most favourably were a negro and an Irishman.

Black Sambo, as he was called, was a genial, light-hearted fellow, whose natural exuberance of spirits was

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heightened by the consciousness that he had exchanged a condition which had left its memorials on his broad shoulders, and in an ugly scar across his brow, for the rights of a freeman on British soil! He was the first son of Africa with whom Charlie had come into contact; and, regarding him at first with curiosity, he soon discovered that the untutored Sambo had been gifted with a shrewd intelligence and a generous disposition.

To Murty O'Gorman Charlie was drawn, at first, by their mutual relationship to the one little island, to which his heart turned so often with ever deepening yearning; and he soon found a very sincere regard awakening within him for his countryman, whom he had discovered to possess the best qualities of the Celtic race, with the least possible balance of its defects.

Murty was one of those irrepressible spirits who, like the ever memorable Mr. Tapley, seem to be in their element in adversity. In all circumstances he was thoroughly at home, and as happy when coiled up to sleep in a snow-wreath on the banks of the St. John, with his little black *dhuleen* in his mouth, as he once had been in the old house at home on the bank of the Shannon. To Murty, too, nothing came amiss. He could shoot his game and cook it with equal dexterity. He could work the hardest of the party, swinging his axe with a force and accuracy of stroke that outdid even Bill the Driver; and he was always ready for a frolic, when the day's work was done, with heart as light and limbs as supple as a youngster out of school. It was Murty's song that waked them in the morning: and the last thing they heard at night was some droll remark, or some funny story, enriched by the Irish brogue. Nor was Murty destitute of physical endowments, for he had a lithe well-proportioned frame, a handsome face, with the drollest eye that ever twinkled at a joke. In point of age he was not yet thirty; but had had enough experience of a woodland life to make him one of the most proficient lumberers in New Brunswick.

By Bill the Driver Murty was regarded with especial favour ; while for Charlie Ogilbie he had conceived a dislike at a very early period of their association, which grew more and more into an absolute aversion. Self-interest alone prevented him from telling Charlie, in a manner not to be misunderstood, that he was at liberty to transfer himself and his services to another quarter ; but the sharp eye of the wary boss had seen that Ogilbie was just the sort of man to help along the work, with his strong young arm and enthusiastic nature, so he shut down his hostility, and put on the best face he could in his intercourse with the object of his deep and ever growing resentment—but try to hide it as he might, that dark malignity was not unseen by the quick-eyed Ulsterman.

There was something in the woodman's life peculiarly agreeable to Charlie Ogilbie. There was a romantic strain in his nature, hence to him a wondrous interest in the lonely woods, where every rock and tree could have told its story of the wild scenes of Indian life. In the solitude of the interminable forest mystery seemed to brood ; and the silence, even in the noonday, filled him with a strange sensation of awe. Often the sun sent down his grateful beams from a sky without a cloud—a sky of lovely blue—his rays reflected from the pure untrodden snow, as if by a field of diamonds. Everywhere there was the charm of novelty to a mind capable of appreciating the loveliness of nature. There was interest manifold. There was even hope for future days in this rude, woodland life—but Charlie's heart was far away in the old farm-house of Cambusleigh !

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CHAPTER VI.

CAMPING IN THE FOREST.

Charlie's first experience of a New Brunswick winter was not so painful as to make him shudder at the thought of old King Frost. That lively old potentate had, indeed, played off upon him some enlivening little pranks; had twitched him sharply by the nose, till it might as well have been an icicle as his own natural feature: had bitten both his ears, and gnawed his fingers till they were as unserviceable as so many bits of lead; but had made amends by supplying him with an antidote to all those experiences in the virgin snow; so that good-humour was unbroken, and what might have been a lasting injury was laughed at as a frolic.

But his warm young blood, fresh from the more genial climate of the British Isles, had much to do with the manner in which Charlie Ogilbie was able to endure the cold of a winter of more than ordinary severity. To whatever cause it is to be ascribed, it is a well-known experience that, in general, the new-comer to Canada is less susceptible to the rigour of its climate in winter than are the natives, or those who have been resident for years in that land of wide extremes of temperature; and our young adventurer was able to display a degree of endurance which astonished even his more seasoned brethren of the axe.

It was not, therefore, remarkable that Ogilbie was a ready volunteer for service on an expedition in which the rigour of the season would be experienced in its full severity.

A report had reached the camp that some very heavily timbered land lay, up stream, along the banks of the

St. John, at the distance of rather more than a two day's tramp; and Bill the Driver had conceived the idea of having the land 'prospected', so that he might report to his employer in case the intelligence should turn out to be well-founded. It was necessary, therefore, to send out a party of prospectors; and Murty O'Gorman was chosen as deputy Boss.

With an impartiality as to the colour of his associate that did him credit, Murty picked upon the black, for one; and Charlie, coming boldly forward as a volunteer, was readily accepted to make up the complement of the party of exploration.

It was on a bright exhilarating morning that they set out on their expedition. The sun shone with dazzling splendour, and with warmth that would have done him credit on a mid-summer day in the British Isles. The sky was azure as the heavens that charm the eye in Italy. The snow, unsullied as the light, was dry and drifting sand. The stately trees, still and silent as sentinels on guard, proudly towered aloft in all the glory of the ancient woods; while the deep stillness of the forest seemed like a veritable presence brooding over the scene.

All this was noticed by Charlie Ogilbie, and gave him intense enjoyment; but his companions trudged along not less happily, indeed, but with complacent regardlessness of all but what related immediately to the trail before them. It was evident that camping out in a land of snow had no damping influence on the spirits of any of the party. Murty whistled merrily, and flung about his jokes with as light a heart as if he trod his native Shamrock on the bank of the Shannon. Sambo's yells, yah, yah, when any comical idea crossed his fertile fancy, showed that the whip of the oppressor had been unable to subdue the native mirthfulness of his sunny nature. And Charlie was in high heart.

Their equipment for the expedition was as light and portable as their spirits. Each had a gun, a knife in

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belt, and a blanket; while Sambo carried an axe, strapped across his shoulders; and Murty a tin pan swung with his ammunition-pouch. Each had, besides, a small supply of beef, and as much hard-baked bread as would keep them from absolute starvation for the time it was calculated should be required to achieve the object of the expedition.

The sun was near the horizon when they halted at a spot which seemed well adapted for their bivouac during the night.

It was a glade surrounded by a thick growth of pines, while along one of its sides there was a high wall of perpendicular rock, the summit of which was overspread by the rugged covering of the forest.

In a few minutes a column of smoke was going up in the light frosty air, and the ruddy glow of the fire fell pleasantly around, for the shades of evening were already gathering in the dell. Steaks of venison, stuck on pointed sticks, were broiling, in a manner that set Sambo grinning, while his cheerful, yah, yah, yah, indicated that he, at least, had made up his mind that there were worse places than a winter camp in a New Brunswick forest.

As the darkness deepened the light of the blazing logs shone with ruddier glow, giving a look of warmth and softness to the wintry surroundings. They had cut branches from the pines, and piled them before the fire, for seats: and each, with his blanket around his shoulders, for the temperature was far below zero, applied himself to enjoyment of the savoury repast, with a gusto that would have broken the heart of an Alderman at a Lord Mayor's banquet, and was ample proof that fresh air and a forest tramp have the advantage, any day, of dinner pills!

Charlie's spirits rose with the novelty of the situation, and Murty declared that he felt as happy as ever he had been at a wedding or a wake!

"Where's the use talkin'?" he said, as he applied a

was as light
gun, a knife in

light to his pipe. "Shure you'll never escape from the troubles o' life be lettin' your heart go down! Were you iver inside the bounds o' Connaught, Charlie?"

"Never, Murty."

"Ah, thin it's a thrate you have before you, shure enough! O, it's a fine place entirely! an' not sich another for wakes an' pastime widin the four says o' Irelan'. I mind to hear me father tellin' about a birial that lasted for a fortnight, from the time they set out wid the corpse, rest it's sowl in glory! till they got to the graveyard. They had tin mile o' a mountain road to thravel; an' a friend av the corpse every mile or two, an' what cud they do only give him as many wakes as he had well-wishers, an' wish good luck to him he had left behint him? Did you ever hear the story o' Phaedrick O'Mullagan an' the Lep-rachaun, Charlie? Well, thin, if you didn't you have a thrate afore you! Och, but me heart warms to the ould lan' beyont the say whin I think o' the fun an' frolic they used to have in ould Irelan'!

"Ho, ho, listen! what dat?" cried Sambo, rising to his feet, and showing the white of his eyes amazingly, as he rolled his two shining orbs round and round the verge of the woodland.

"Arra, thin, I see nothing as quare as yourself," said Murty, "may be it's a *banshee*."

"Don't be big fool, Murtah. Listen."

For some moments all were silent, each endeavouring to catch any sound that might be discoverable in the forest; but whatever had attracted the attention of the negro was imperceptible to his companions.

"Who's the fool now, darkie?" said Murty, pulling the negro down upon his seat.

"Hear de wolf, sure as winkin'!"

"Hear your grannie singin' to the chickens!" said Murty, slapping Sambo on the back. "Whisht, wid your nonsinse, till I tell me story."

"Phaedrick O'Mullagan was one o' the lightest-hearted

boys in the Barony o' Blaney; an' cared no more for the troubles o' life than if they were so many frolics sint for his diversion. He was never widout a joke on his tongue; an' his laugh was as good as a fiddle at a dance or a widdin'. Widout a fortin at his back, Phaedrick had to earn his livin', but he laid it on his conscience that his work shud be aisy, an' the wages not too light! So he was still on his thravels from one place to another, lookin' for work, till at last he found himself a sort o' a body sarvint to the Priest o' the parish, ould Father O'Flannagan. Now, Father O'Flannagan had quare notions in his head; an' whether it was because he had less wit—bein' ould, an' may be dotin'—or more knowledge o' things in gin'ral; or may be he thought the whiskey tuck the money from the Church, but, anyway, he had set his face hard agin wakes an' dances.

"Well, be it as it may, one winter day, whin he was startin' out on his rounds, he left ordhers wid Phaedrick to carry over his vistments, an' lave them at the Chapel.

"It was night before O'Mullagan set out—for he was niver in a hurry, an' still liked to accommodate the ordhers he got to his own ways o' goin'—an' a good two mile lay before him, across as rough a bit o' counthry as was widin the Barony o' Blaney,—rough, I mane, wid the lawless sort o' people that was in it, for 'tis little they cared for law or gospel! an' had nearly broke the heart o' Father O'Flannagan wid hapin pinance on them! Well, what does O'Mullagan hear, whin he had got about half way to his journey's ind, but the sound o' a fiddle. 'More power to your elbow, Lanty O'Reilly!' says Phaedrick to himself; 'I'd know the sthroke o' your bow a mile away! Is it in the face, if not o' the clargy, at laste o' the clargy's man, wid the vistments undher his arm, you're afther houldin' a dance in the parish o' Bally-mawhapple? May I never do harm, but I'll play you a thrick, Lanty me jewel!' So what does he do but dress himself up in the vistments, wid the three-cornered cap on his head—shovin' his own ould *caubeen* inside an

ould flannel shirt he had under his arm, takin' it to his mother to get a patch on it—an' off he sets for Lanty O'Reilly's; for many a good bit o' frolic the priest had spoiled wid the argument o' his horse-whip! a way o' rasonin' they had a mighty bad way o' replyin' to whin it was the clargy laid it on!

"Well, Lanty's house was on the other side o' the Ballymawhapple river; an' the river lay in the bottom o' a glen, full o' rocks, an' ould thorn bushes; an' the only way to cross the sthrame was be a couple o' stems o' trees laid side be side. But the moon was near the full; an' down goes Phaedrick into the glen, wid a sharp eye over his shoulder on account o' the 'ginthry', that they said haunted the glen. Down he goes, an' comes to the ind o' the bridge, whin what does he see but a little ould gintleman, not the height o' a new clay pipe, standin' on one o' the logs, wid a cocked hat on his head, an' wid a swallow-tailed coat down to his heels, an' a beautiful waist-coat wid flaps to his thighs.

"In a minute, Phaedrick saw that he had come across a Leprachaun.

"'Your honour, sir', says Phaedrick, 'may be you'd let me pass, on account o' the hurry I'm in?'

"'Who are you, anyway?' says the Leprachaun.

"'Shure, thin, long life to your honour, but you might know mè be me dress, if you never saw me face afore?' says Phaedrick. 'An' may be it's Pope o' Rome I'll be, afore they're done wid me.'

"'O you rogue o' the world?' says the little gintleman, wid a comical look. 'It's the vistments o' the clargy, shure enough, but what's inside them, I'm axin.'

"'Shure it's meself, no less; plain to be seen,' says Phaedrick. 'An', more be token, I'm going to put you through your confession, in vartue o' the 'ffice I hould.'

"'None o' your nonsinse, Misther O'Mullagan,' says the Leprachaun.

"'Ah, thin, 'tis another story you'll tell afore I'm done wid you,' said Phaedrick. 'But first an'

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foremost, who tould you me name's O'Mullagan ?
An' whoever it was, never listen to *thin* agin, for they're
afther kissin' the Blarney Stone! An' next, an' more
to me mind, I want to know the place you have your
treasure hid ?'

"The little ould gintleman put his finger to his nose, an'
closed hard one eye, an' thin put out his bit o' a shank,
an' made the beautifulest bow to Phaedrick that ever
bint the back o' a dancin' masther.

"An' so you'll not be afther tellin' me ?' says Phaed-
rick.

"What do you take me for, Misther O'Mullagan ?'
says the Leprachaun.

"If you don't answer me questin I'll lave you that
your friends will have throuble knowin' you, anyway, for
I'll turn you into a hare, an' hunt you wid the devil's
hounds over all the hills o' Balhymawbapple!" says
Phaedrick.

"Just wid that a hand was laid on O'Mullagan's
showlder, and who does he see but Father O'Flannagan ?

"O, Phaedrick, you rogue, what's this you're afther ?'
says the priest.

"Arra, thin, did you not hear the fiddle at the dance
above, your Rivrence ?' says Phaedrick, not a bit put
out.

"Ah, you thunderin' rogue ; you'll not come over me
that way,' says the clargy. "'Tis a great sinner you are,
entirely, you spalpeen !

"Arra, shure 'tis not the first time you tould me *that*,
your Rivrence,' says Phaedrick, winkin' at the Lepra-
chaun.

"An' if I said it on till Doomsday 'tis not once too
often you'd bear that same,' says the priest.

"O, murther alive, an' is *that* the certificate you
mane to send me out o' the world under !' says Phaedrick.

"Ind ed, an' it is, unless you come to a right way o'
thinkin', an' change your ways,' says the priest. 'An'
manewhile, I'll lay a pinance on you, Phaedrick O'Mul-

lagan. For the sacrilege o' puttin' on the vistments, you're to go from this till this day week on one male a day, an' not to taste tobaccy till the pinance is out. On account o' the lies you tould, you're to walk on your knees five times round the Chapel, three times a week, from this till the Sunday after next, an' not to open your mouth to Molly O'Rafferty, not so much as cast an eye on her if you meet her on the road, till *this* pinance is out. An', for tryin' to chate the little crayture o' a Leprachaun out o' his money, be the help o' Satan an' his hounds, you're to sit all alone, widout so much as a dog wid you, on a tombstone, in the cinthre o' the ould burial ground o' Maloney from sunset till the clock strikes one, two nights a week, till the aforesaid pinances run out,—an' that's to teach you not to meddle wid the powers of darkness, Phaedrick O'Mullagan ?'

"In a minute the glen was ringin' wid gibes, an' jeers, an' peals o' laughter ; an' the Leprachaun was dancin' like mad on the end o' the bridge, heel an' toe, cut an' fling ; breakin' his heart wid laughin', an' flourishin' his hat about his head in a way that looked as if he had a mind never to put it on agin.

" 'O, murther, anyway,' says Phaedrick, 'what's this that's hap'nin' ?' takin' off the vistments, as modest as milk widout the crame.

" 'O murther alive, your Rivrence,' says he ; 'shure 'tis pinance enough I'm sufferin' wid the Purgathry I'm in already ; don't you hear the way they're laughin' at me ? Arra, don't be so hard on a poor boy, for the good o' me health if not for the love you have for me.'

" 'Deed an' I will, just as I tould you, Phaedrick,' says Father O'Flannagan. 'What would the Bishop say, an' the Pope o' Rome, if they shud hear I lucked over the sins o' the parish ?'

" 'An' you'll not shorten the journeys round the Chapel ?' says Phaedrick agin.

" 'Not be the length o' me thumb, you rogue,' says Father O'Flannagan.

"'Nor aise the sentence concernin' Molly O'Rafferty! Arra! sure 'tis not two hearts instid o' one you'll be afther breakin', says Phaedrick.

"'If ye spake another word I'll increase the pinance all round,' says Father O'Flannagan.

"'O, Father, darlin,' says Phaedrick, beginnin' to move away, 'what would become o' the sows in Purgathry if they let *you* get your showldher to the gate?'

"An' away he wint on his way to the Chapel, not as contint wid himself as when he put the vistments on, to help the priest wid the cares o' the parish.

"May I never do harm, boys, but 'tis mighty cowl'd it's gettin'!" said Murty, rising to his feet. "Come on, me jewels; it's time to make the beds and get between the blankets. I'm sayin', darkie', hape the fire wid logs, but don't burn the chimbley. If it doesn't tache good manners to the ghosts, it will help to free us from the company o' the varmint."

In a few minutes Sambo had heaped a goodly pile of logs upon the fire, which now began to shed a deep red glow throughout the dell, making the rock look like a wall of burnished copper.

The arrangements which they now began to make for passing the night were such as to produce on the mind of Charlie Ogilbie a very vivid conception of the simple and peculiar ways of the woodman's life. Between the base of the rock and the fire, a space of a few yards in width had been left, designedly, in which the snow, several feet in depth, afforded them material for their operations; while the fire would serve as a defence against any of the lupine wanderers of the forest that might pay a visit to their encampment.

"Arra, shure it's meself that's the beautiful sort o' housemaid," said Murty O'Gorman, as he scooped a hole in the snow of about the requisite space to afford accommodation for his person lying at length. "Fould the sheets nately, boys; an' shake the feathers down soft, the way you see me doin', meself."

"Success to the O'Gormans," said Charlie, following his example with alacrity.

"Yah, yah, yah," laughed Sambo, "Sleep like ole hosse! One eye open for de wolf, an' one eye shut for dreamin' ob him Dinah. No snore loud, Murtah, fear him wake de baby!"

Rolled in his blanket, with a lair of pine boughs for a bed, his coverlet the snow, Charlie Ogilbie lay, thinking of other scenes far away. He was back in thought at Cambusleigh. The evening shades were falling, the stars were peeping out, and Jeanie stood with trembling hands stretched upwards to the heavens, while she vowed that the silver cord should break ere she matched with the laird of Maxwellhaugh! A deep yearning for his native isles crept over him. The novelty and excitement of the day had given place to a painful sense of loneliness, the desolation of the heart that creeps upon the exile when he realizes, among strangers in the stranger's land, that home, and friends, and all to which association clings, are far away! Uncertainty as to the future mingled its suggestions with tender memories of the past, and sent him off reflecting about the singular vicissitudes experienced in life! At length his reflections became disconnected and confused, out-of-place ideas mingled in his intermittent endeavours to follow the chain of his cogitations; and then he fell over into dreamless sleep.

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CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.

Suddenly the deep silence of the forest was broken by a clamour that called the sleepers back to consciousness in the twinkling of an eye.

In an instant Charlie and his companions were looking on a scene as singular as it was unexpected.

In the faint light of the fire, now far spent, was seen a girl standing beside the flickering embers, and waving in her hand a burning brand, with which she sought to hold at bay a pack of ravening wolves, which filled the night with their uproar. Her hair, unbound, flowed about her shoulders, adding to the singularity of her aspect, as she stood there at dead of night, with bloodless face and flashing eye, confronting her ferocious assailants. Beside her stood a dog of splendid make, his hair erect, his fangs displayed, and presenting a heroic front to the clamouring crew, that showed themselves but dastards after all. The deep under-tone in which he gave vent to his displeasure showed that his spirit was as resolute as his look was defiant. It seemed as if a word from his mistress would have sent him upon her foes, while his own intelligence, rather than any shrinking from the contest, told the sagacious animal that his place was at her side.

In an instant, Charlie and his companions were on their feet, and handling their fire-arms.

Bang went three guns at once; two wolves fell, and one went yelping into the dark recesses of the forest; but so intent were their companions on the object they held in view that they seemed utterly regardless, indeed, ap-

parently unconscious of the attack that was being made upon themselves.

Again the sharp report of the rifles rang above the wild uproar of the infuriated beasts, as they ran to and fro along the edge of the wood, and made fierce excursions out upon the open ground—with fiery eyes and ravening mouths—hungering for their prey; but this time without effect.

Charlie's eyes shone with the enthusiasm of a spirit warming to its work; and the flush from a chivalrous heart, quickened by a generous determination to fling himself into the post of danger, flashed across his cheek. Shoving home another bullet, he sprang forward, and placed himself between the assailants and assailed.

"Hurroo for the boys o' Connaught!" cried Murty. "Come along, darkie, or never show your ugly face in the presence o' an O'Gorman." And in an instant he was at Charlie's side.

"Who fool now, Murtah? Who fool now?" cried Sambo, following him. "Yah, yah, slap away? Teach the varmint no come to yer when de cook in bed. Yah, yah, yah."

Bang went the rifles once again, and three wolves went down; while the rest fell back into the wood.

For a moment there was silence, and then the clamour began once more, like pandemonium let loose.

Charlie cast a glance at the central figure, around whom raged this fierce encounter with the wild rovers of the forest.

As if stricken by some mysterious hand, she lay, motionless, on the snow, her upturned face colourless and rigid as the face of a corpse, and her arms flung out, as in the pitiful abandonment of death.

The dog stood over her with contracted brows and anxious eye; and low moans escaped from him, as he sniffed about her face, and caressed her cheeks and hands. He took no heed now of the wolves; his fero-

city had subsided, and he seemed lost to every other care than anxiety for his mistress.

They gathered around her, wondering more and more at the occurrences of that night of singular events.

It was evident that one of no common order was before them. There was a look of refinement in the form of her features, the cast of her head, and the delicate texture of her face and hands that spoke of gentle blood, and suggested that her rightful place in life was far removed from the rude surroundings of a New Brunswick forest.

If it was the hand of death, induced by the terror and excitement of the position in which some strange fate had placed her, that had laid her low, the King of Terrors had not yet completed his sorrowful work, for it was clear that life still flickered there; and while Murty and the negro kept their eyes upon the still boisterous occupants of the wood, Charlie Ogilbie applied himself to the task of restoring to animation the singular being whom destiny seemed to have committed to his care.

Charlie's knowledge of the use of restoratives in a dilemma such as this, was limited to a vague idea that water was applied in the case of a person who had fainted, and so he laid the cold snow upon her forehead, but without avail. He rubbed her hands and applied snow once more, in sudden contact to her brow; but there was no answering intimation from the citadel of life.

Meanwhile, the dog was showing signs of impatience; running down the dell, returning to the side of his mistress, and with low, piteous whining, and other signs, endeavouring, apparently, to prevail on them to follow him. There could be little doubt from these evidences of design on the part of the sagacious animal, and from the presence there, at all, of the girl at that hour of a winter night, in so stern a climate as that of New Brunswick, that the home from which she had wandered could not be far away. A hasty consultation was therefore held, and it was determined to leave a place where so little could be

done to save a life which seemed to be in the utmost jeopardy, and at least restore her to her relatives, whatever might be the issue of this singular adventure.

Led by the dog, they proceeded down a glade, along what was apparently, in the open season, the course of a stream, Charley bearing his unconscious charge, while Murty and the negro, with quick eye and ready hand, kept watch against any sudden onslaught by the wolves. There was a cloudless sky, with many stars flashing with the brilliancy which is so noticeable a feature of the nocturnal heavens in the colder regions of the earth, and, hence, they were able to follow without difficulty, as they were led along the now narrow and tortuous alley in the very depths of the forest.

It was remarkable, besides, that the wolves seemed regardless of their departure from the place of conflict, for they were heard still clamouring around the spot where they had been so rudely arrested in their attack on their intended victims.

A rapid walk of a quarter of an hour brought our friends to a place where the forest gave place to a wide clearing, on the bank of the St. John. Striking straight across the open ground, the dog conducted his friends of this eventful night to the door of a shanty, on the summit of a bank descending abruptly to the river.

The door was ajar, and on the threshold stood a woman, silent and still, save for the motion of her hands, as she beat them slowly together, as people do when they are overwhelmed by some sudden calamity.

"Oh, my bairn, my bairn, my bonnie bairn!" she cried, when her eyes rested on the still inanimate form in Charlie's arms.

And then—with perfect self-possession, notwithstanding the agony and terror that wrung her heart—she guided him to an inner room, where he deposited his charge.

With calm searching eye the woman bent over the lovely face, on which there was now a slight tinge of

colour, as if the vital force was regaining energy, while Ogilbie related briefly what had taken place; and she was proceeding to apply such restoratives as her simple knowledge suggested, when the eyelids were slowly raised, disclosing two lovely eyes, filled with an expression of mingled astonishment and terror.

The woman signed to Charlie to withdraw, and then, kneeling beside the couch, applied herself to soothing the girl's agitation.

Mr. Charlie Ogilbie retired with an impression that he had had a hand in the rescue from a terrible fate of one of the prettiest young persons his eyes had ever rested on; and joined his companions very readily with the agreeable intelligence that their worst fears might be laid aside.

Seated at the hearth, before a roaring fire, which bade defiance to the frost, they discussed the adventures of the night, while the dog, going from one to another, fawning on each again and again, seemed endeavouring to express his gratitude, and to do the honours of the house, while in his kindly eyes there was a look as if he would fain explain the mystery of that strange scene at the midnight fire—which information for them and for our readers we shall withhold till a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER COMES UPON THE SCENE.

When the sun rose on the following morning, our prospectors had left behind them the place of their adventures on the preceding night. Their course now lay along the frozen surface of the St. John, which, having been swept of the snow in some degree, by the wind, presented less obstruction to their progress than they had encountered in their passage through the woods.

There was little to vary the monotony of the way. Around them lay the one unvarying scene of dark silent forest, contrasting sharply with the whiteness of the snow, where it lay in its unsullied purity on the broad bosom of the river. The stillness was intense. Not a breath of wind was stirring; while a sullen deep repose brooded on the woods. But there was a bracing lightness in the air, which quickened physical energy to the utmost, and raised their spirits, as they swung along. Once more the sun shone down in a sky of azure, so soft, so delicate, so fair, that neither the pen of the ready writer, nor the most perfect touch of the painter's brush, could delineate adequately its charm—a scene into which, as fancy might assume, the glory of celestial realms had been permitted to come down and mingle with the grosser atmosphere of the earth. The destination which they hoped to reach by that day's tramp, was an old unoccupied shanty, on the verge of the tract of forest which it was their mission to inspect; and just as the sun was nearly touching the western horizon, they saw, as they rounded an arm of the woodland that jutted into the river, the object of their search, a short way before them.

There was little in the appearance of the shanty to cheer them with anticipations of a very warm welcome. Perched on the summit of a high bank, overlooking the river, without a sign of life around it, its dreary inhospitable look was enough to chill the spirits of any but the most enthusiastic devotee to woodland campaigning; but the experiences of the preceding night rendered even this cheerless-looking tenement a welcome sight to wayfarers jaded by a long day's tramp, and admonished by the near approach of night.

As the evening shades deepened into night, the grim interior of the shanty began to glow with the blaze of the logs which Sambo's axe had provided with a celebrity which did ample credit to his dexterity in woodcraft. The savoury aroma of roasting venison—to which were added a rabbit and a squirrel, which had fallen victims to their guns—diffused itself about the room; and the wayfarers began to think that there might be a worse life, after all, than prospecting in the forest, even amid the snow of winter.

The night wore away with nothing to disturb their rest; and morning came again, with its summons to the duties of a day to be devoted to a careful examination of the opportunities of profitable lumbering afforded by the region which they had been commissioned to inspect. They were now on the verge of the 'promised land,' where it had been reported that timber of far more than ordinary dimensions awaited the operations of the lumberer; while opportunities for removing the logs to the river with more than usual facility were afforded by the numerous streams produced by the melting of the snow in the surrounding forest, together with the physical formation of the district. It was their intention, too, to do the best they could in the interest of their employer, for they were honest fellows all, and scorned to receive a dollar without rendering its full equivalent in service. Hence, while the grey twilight of the dawn was stealing along the woods, the occupants of the

shanty were stirring, and soon ready for the operations of the day.

The region in which they found themselves was one in which nature seemed to have put forth her utmost powers, in the production of the giants of the wood. The mighty stems, like the pillars of some old Gothic fane, rose straight, without an arm, to the canopy of branches far aloft, presenting a scene that might well awaken other thoughts than those which usually draw the lumberer to the forest. The majesty of nature at her best was there. Around were seen the glories of a thousand years of slow but sure development, till the seedling had become the mighty monarch of the wild, while the lapse of ages had been powerless to extinguish its wondrous tenacity of life. There was something, too, of mystery and awe in the very silence of the forest—akin to the awe that one may deem would settle on the face of nature, if, robed in clouds and darkness, Jehovah moved among His works.

The day, was nearing its close, and once more the woodmen had assembled at the shanty.

The sun had just gone down, leaving in his wake such a glorious display of many-tinted clouds as held them actually spell-bound by the surpassing beauty of the scene.

Suddenly their attention was withdrawn from the contemplation of the heavens by the appearance of an Indian, at the edge of a thicket, just behind the shanty. His dress was that of a hunter rather than the garb which we usually associate with the Indian brave; and he carried a gun, the butt of which he brought sharply to the ground, as he stopped abruptly, as if astonished to meet with them.

There was no appearance of hostility, however, observable in the demeanour of the red son of the forest. His eye was calm, and mild; and, although the meeting was evidently unexpected at the moment, he seemed to take it as a thing of course that red and white men should occasionally come into contact in the wilds.

It was evident, however, that he was ignorant of the language of the whites, for when they addressed him he shook his head.

"Injun in Ireland, Murtah?" said Sambo, as he sat on a stump of a tree, with a broad grin on his good-humoured face.

"No varmint whatever, only landlords an' bailies; except whin we come across a sthray nigger, to scare the childre."

"Yah, yah, yah, snake in Ireland, Murtah?"

"Niver a one. Saint Patrick sint them all across the say to Americay, an' turned them into blackamoors."

"Yah, yah, yah. Nebber see sich aggrawatin ole racoon! only dis Darkie good chile, knock him down, an' teach respect when speak to gemman, Murtah O'Gorman."

"Knock him down for love, the way they do in Ireland," said Charlie.

"Dat de way ober thar, Murtah?"

"Well, thin, an' it is. An' they don't trouble themselves the laste thing in life if they don't get up agin. Arrah, what's the red-skin afther, anyway? There he's at his antics over agin!"

The Indian held up his left hand; with his right swept the concave of the sky; touched, one by one, the tips of his left hand fingers, and then poured forth a stream of unintelligible intonations.

The black showed his ivories from ear to ear. Charlie contemplated this new feature of forest life with a searching eye, and with a strange mixture of drollery and shrewd observation in his look. The intelligence and fun in Murty's eye proclaimed the genuine son of the island of the shamrock.

"Arra, what's he afther, wid his gibberish?" said Murty. "It would be a grand tongue for coortin' wid—you might say what you like an' not commit yourself!"

"Gib it up, Murtah? Dis chile tink him count him goose to make yer hungry for yer supper! Bad heart in red hide!"

"Arra, none o' your nonsense," said Murty. "Och Athlone for ever! Shure I have it meself! He wants to know what sort o' company we keep on the banks o' the Shannon!"

At that instant the sharp report of a rifle rang through the forest. The Indian threw his arms into the air, sprang upwards, and fell prostrate on the snow.

In a moment they were at his side, but only to find that life was already extinct.

While they stood looking at one another in astonishment, and indignation at this atrocious and mysterious butchery, noiseless steps were drawing near; and, before they were aware of his approach, a man, with a rifle on his shoulder, was beside them.

Without noticing them, he stooped over the lifeless Indian, and calmly searched, as if to assure himself that life was extinct. He then turned quietly round, and faced them; with a countenance in which there was nothing which enabled them to determine the real workings of his heart. There was no exultation, nor ferocity, in his eye, nor sign of emotion in the expression of the cold stern face; but when he saw that their eyes were bent on him, with the honest indignation of men whose souls revolted at a deed so foul, an expression of scorn curled his lips, and a gleam of resentment shone on his stern grey eye.

He was evidently a man of daring, and of iron nerve. His tall athletic form seemed steeled against the influence of years, for he was past the prime of life. His long locks were grey, as was the full crop of hair upon his face. His cheek, naturally dark, was bronzed by exposure to sun and storm. His forehead was deeply lined, as by the hand of long-continued care; and in his eyes there was a look which spoke of a spirit long in revolt against the circumstances of his life. He had evidently been handsome in the days of his youth and prime; and there were still lines of more than ordinary comeliness in a face which could scarcely have been

looked upon without awakening more than ordinary interest in its owner.

There was something, too, in his countenance which brought back to Charlie's mind the face he had seen by the light of the fire in the camp, while the girl stood, with heroic front, the fire-brand in her grasp, confronting her savage assailants.

The stranger's dress was a cap of fur, with flaps to defend the ears from the biting frost; a loose flannel shirt, and trousers, supported by a leathern belt around the waist, and confined below by leggings of the same material, while a pair of moccasins completed his attire.

At his side was hung a pouch; at his belt he carried a hunter's knife, in a leathern sheath; and these, with his rifle, made up his equipment for the wild life he evidently led, roving in the forest.

As his glance passed searchingly from one to another of those with whom he thus stood confronted, it finally became fixed on Ogilbie. Gradually a softer light was noticeable in his eye; and the expression of his countenance became less stern; then, with an air that spoke of breeding acquired in other sphere than the rude life of a hunter, he advanced with outstretched hand, and with a smile of friendly recognition, like a gleam of sunlight struggling through the clouds of a wintry sky.

Charlie, drawing back, met his proffer of amity with a bearing of scornful indignation.

"You refuse my hand?" said the stranger, pausing, while his brow became contracted and drawn down.

"I refuse the hand of a murderer," said Ogilbie, in a low, deep voice.

"A murderer!" was the answer; while the man thus charged, drawing himself up to his utmost height, and folding his arms proudly across his chest, regarded his accuser with a look of immeasurable scorn. Then, without a word, he turned haughtily away, and in another moment was lost to view.

While they sat around the fire that night, long and earnest was their talk about the singular occurrences of the preceding evening—about the sad fate of the poor slaughtered son of the forest ; about the man of blood and mystery, so callous in the contemplation of the life he had extinguished, so proudly scornful in his bearing, and, yet, who wore the look of one whose later years, at least, had been one long struggle with adversity. There was a strong suggestion, too, connecting him with those whose acquaintance they had made so remarkably on the preceding night, which deepened their interest in the mystery which surrounded him.

It was late before they could compose themselves for rest ; at length there was nothing heard within the shanty but the deep breathing of the sleepers—while the remains of the butchered Indian lay in the bed of snow they had made for him on the spot where he had fallen.

When they emerged from the shanty in the morning, a strange sight met their eyes.

The snow had been swept aside, and the body of the Indian exposed to view. Beside it lay an Indian boy, of very tender age, his head resting on the dead man's breast, while his arms encircled him as with the embrace of love clinging, in its agony, to its dead.

By a common impulse, they gathered softly, with heads uncovered, around the scene, and, then, with awe and pity, saw that the son lay lifeless on the bosom of his lifeless father. The bullet and the frost had done their work.

On the second night after the occurrences we have related, the prospectors sat among their fellow-lumberers, relating, at the big camp-fire, the stirring incidents of their adventures—Charlie Ogilbie little dreaming how important was to be their influence on his subsequent career.

CHAPTER IX.

GILBERT AND THE LAIRD—BAD TIMES FOR JEANIE.

Meanwhile, our friends at Duddingston had not been in the enjoyment of undisturbed felicity. The old house at Cambusleigh was divided against itself; Jeanie and Miss Margery allied against Gilbert, with whom was joined the Laird of Maxwellhaugh.

"Set him up, indeed!" Miss Margery had said, in close consultation with her ally, accompanying the observation with an indignant toss of her head, and a corresponding demonstration with her ringlets. "Set him up, the graceless loon! To even himself to a girl that might better regard him as his bairn. I just wish he wad come to *me* the way he does to your father, wi' his cleeshmaclavers, Jeanie; it wadna be gude for his lugs, although he *be* the Laird o' Maxwellhaugh." From which line of observation it was plain that Miss Margery had changed her opinion of the Laird.

Nor was it passing strange that a lady so painfully disappointed as Miss Carmichael had been should feel towards the supposed cause of all her mortification the contempt which she deemed his due.

None of us feel grateful for blighted expectations, and philosophy itself has been known to shrug its shoulders and look glum at its failure to secure the highest happiness to the individual. It is true that the Laird was not to be held accountable for Miss Carmichael's self-deception; but, while she had the common sense to recognise that she had befooled herself, she had enough caprice to feel a pretty sharp spice of resentment against the pawky Laird of Maxwellhaugh.

One evening, in the end of April, aunt and niece sat in the arbour in the garden of Cambusleigh; aunt knit-

ting busily, niece drying her eyes, for she had been busy weeping. It was the weeping time of year, and the clouds had been shedding tears of joy, because summer was at hand ; but the tears that bedewed the sweet pensive face of Jeanie Carmichael were not the gentle rain of gladness in the springtime of her hopes.

"An' sae, my puir foolish birdie, your heart's awa to New Brunswick, wi' that waesome Irish callant, an' what will your father say ? He'll just be clean daft ! an' wha can blame him, apart completely frae the Laird ?"

"But need I tell him, auntie ?"

"Need ye tell him ? Need ye keep the ten commandments ? An' what saith the fourth ? 'Honour thy father an' thy mither,' as plain as the tap o' Arthur's seat, an' as stubborn a fact as Salisbury Craigs. Thy mither's awa whar 'hey hae nae fash about marriage, an' nae Laird's o' Maxwellhaugh ; but thy father's still to the fore ; and that's past yea or nay, Jeanie !"

"But I'm bound by nae promise to Charlie, aunt ; nae promise to be his wife. Nor did I tell him that I cared for him. He found it out himsel, an' how could I deny it, auntie ?"

"How indeed ! I wad disown ye if ye had. But what made ye fall in love ? What made ye forget that your father's hired servant is nae match for the heiress o' Cambusleigh ?"

Jeanie covered her face with her hands and began to sob.

"A nice fank ye hae woven for yoursel, Jeanie Carmichael !" continued Miss Margery. "You're just like a fly in the wab o' the spider—the mair ye strive an' buzz, sae much the mair ye get entangled. Fitter ye wad confide in age an' experience. What made ye let your heart awa ?"

"Ask me why the flowers bloom in simmer, auntie ! Ask me why the blue-bells bloom whan the warm sun o' simmer shines along the braes. Can they help it, auntie ?"

"I winna just say they can. But I wad, for a' that, that your heart was back frae New Brunswick; an' that we were rid o' Johnny o' Maxwellhaugh, as weel!"

At the same hour when this conversation took place, the gude-man of Cambusleigh was occupied in an animated *tête à tête* with his ally, the Laird.

It was evident that their conference was not conducive of agreeable reflections, for Gilbert's brow was clouded, while Maxwell's features wore their most sarcastic and unpleasant look.

"I see weel enough," said Maxwellhaugh, "that Jeanie sets her shoulder up whan Johnny Maxwell's at her side."

"Hout tout, Laird! It's just your ain commendable humility."

"It's naething o' the sort."

"She's a modest lassie, Maxwellhaugh; an' whiles, ye ken, it's them that show least that feel the deepest!"

"Tut, awa, mon! There's nae need for ardent demonstration; but just a little becoming appreciation, mair than ordinary civility. I'm no sentimental, mon. That's for lads an' lassies in their teens; but forty-five has ither fish to fry! Nor am I an arbitrary mon, ye ken; an' they may smile or frown, just as they're in the humour; but what I want's a douce, dainty, thrifty booy, just like Jeanie, wi' a sharp eye to gudes and siller; for I'm a practical mon, ye ken."

"Very commendable! Very commendable!"

"An' I hae cam to the conclusion," the Laird went on, "that at my time o' life it's weel to settle doon to domestic affairs in earnest, wi' a wife an' bairns; to mind the dairy, an' hand doon the stock."

"A wise decision, Laird! an' creditable to baith heart and head!"

"Tut, awa! an' just to come to the practical application o' the whole affair—If Jeanie's laith to change her name to Maxwell, I maun just look roon among the

neighbours, for somebody to settle that twa thousan' pun upon ! In whilk case, I maun foreclose, ye ken !"

Carmichael's countenance fell.

The thought of his indebtedness was very bitter to his avaricious heart, and the idea of Maxwellhaugh turning his back, matrimonially, on Cambusleigh began to arouse within his breast a very exasperated feeling toward his daughter, the cause of the threatened frustration of his schemes !

We have said that Carmichael was a man of violent temper at bottom ; a man whose love of riches was the ruling passion of his life. Threatened with the disappointment of his hopes ; and, further, with the very occurrence which he had long dreaded as a possibility of the future, the very thought of which had so often thrown him into a fever of terror and exasperation, he now resolved that Jeanie must comply, and that, come what might, she must wed the Laird of Maxwellhaugh !

CHAPTER X.

THE DRIVER DISCLOSES HIS AFFECTION FOR CHARLIE OGIL- BIE—THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

While Spring, in softer climes, was gently unfolding leaf and flower ; and vernal showers were spreading verdure on the fields ; in the forests of New Brunswick, winter, with reluctant steps, was only slowly withdrawing before the herald rays of the season that would no longer tolerate his iron reign. In the recesses of the woods there was still abundant evidence of the severity of the season that was now passing away, but the sun had done his work so well that these tokens of the recent winter were only like the lingering out-posts of a vanquished army, covering the retreat, when the main body had been swept away by the resistless prowess of the foe.

It was now the time for transporting the logs from the place where each had fallen, to the waters of the St. John, that they might be lashed together in rafts, and floated to the mills ; and already vast quantities of these lay along the banks of the river, secured against the action of the current by logs fastened together, end to end, along their exterior limit. Gangs of lumberers were in the woods, taking advantage of the streams, formed by the melting of the snow, by transmitting on their flooding waters the trophies of their labours with the axe to the several places for rafting. With the change of season, and of work, had come a more cheerful spirit among the workmen. The monotony of their life during their long spell of uniform employment, with little to vary the sameness from day to day, and with little communication with the world, had given place to the exhilaration of new occupation ; and this at a time of year when the promise of the summer shed its cheering

influence around. Some of them looked forward to the amenities of home; to which they hoped to return with the treasured earnings of their winter's toil; to seed-time on the furrows they had turned in the preceding fall; and to the hopes of the year crowned with a rich return of golden grain! Some had other prospects, varying as vary the whims, and freaks, and fortunes of human life! Murty O'Gorman had no definite plans for the coming summer, but held himself in readiness for any bit of fortune that might come his way. Sambo was in an equally accommodating mood. And both were in the best of spirits. Charlie Ogilbie had thoughts of taking service in a saw-mill, for, with the shrewdness which is so characteristic of his country, he deemed that if he meant to be a successful master lumberer it would be well to make himself familiar with the craft in all its parts.

While such was the state of things among his gang, Bill the Driver had speculations of his own, which carried his thoughts far away from the farms and forests of New Brunswick. The old restless spirit had taken possession of him once more, and he longed to be away on distant seas, in the scenes of his former adventures. He was, therefore, impatient of delay in the completion of his work as a lumberer. His fierce nature chafed at every hitch that impeded his operations; and if his men had been a gang of slaves instead of a band of high-spirited freeman, the crack of his whip would have rung a music which would have produced a pretty lively dance. As it was, there was no lagging; and the men, as anxious to be clear of the Driver as that adventurous spirit was to turn his back upon the woods, went daily to their work with a will that would have amply satisfied a less exacting employer.

One Sunday morning Charlie Ogilbie sat at the foot of a wide-spreading oak, that grew on a rocky point jutting out into the river. Around him there was an unusual bustle, for the Driver had insisted that a big rad

he had on hand must be completed without delay; and the men in general, not unwilling to see the job accomplished, had gone to work as on other days. Unused to such proceedings in the orderly and becoming course of life in Ulster, Charlie had made up his mind that he would encounter the wrath of Bill the Driver rather than undergo the upbraiding of an outraged conscience, and had retired, as we have seen, to that quiet spot, under the spreading oak, expecting every moment a lively interview with his employer. He knew full well that the Driver's feelings toward him were far from amiable. There is a subtle insight by which spirit meets with spirit, binding heart to heart with the bonds of mutual sympathy, or repelling with ever deepening antagonism. The presence of some distempered heart will make itself felt when silence seals the lips, and no gleam of malice is visible in the eye. It is questionable, even, whether distance itself, can place arrest on the influence of the emotions of love or hatred, for if the ripple of an oar on the broad bosom of the ocean exerts an influence on every sea; if an uttered word sounds on for ever; if all we do is photographed in the galleries of the Universe, who can measure the possibilities of our being; who can fence with limits the operations of the soul?

It needed neither speech nor action to reveal to Charlie Ogilbie the Driver's feelings toward him, and he felt persuaded that they would not part until that pent up savagery had disclosed itself in some act of hostility. While he sat under the tree, on the morning in question, this conviction suggested that the hour was at hand.

A deep sense of loneliness, too, began to steal upon him—the loneliness of one far away from old familiar scenes, while an ocean intercepts the grasp of each friendly hand; the loneliness that yearns for the sympathy no stranger's face can give. He had, indeed, one old familiar friend, that had been with him in all his wanderings; the gift of his mother—no costly gift, but more precious in her eyes than gems and gold, for it

told of love, and light, and life, and balm for all the sorrows of the world.

So he took out the little book, and began to read, reverently, and with open mind, looking for guidance from above, and with his keen intelligence alive, as when one has to do with a subject of supreme claims on our attention—deep calling unto deep, and eternity to eternity, across the meeting-point of time.

He was aroused from his pursuit by a sound as of water rippling on the prow of a boat, and, looking in the direction indicated, he saw that a canoe was approaching the place where he sat.

The light skiff was impelled by a single paddle, in the hands of one in whom he recognized the slayer of the luckless Indian.

The stranger's look was no less stern than when he turned toward them after that silent scrutiny of his murderous work. His rifle was slung at his back. In his belt was the hunter's knife, and he looked like a man equipped and resolute to follow the deer in the forest, or the Indian on the war-path. He stepped lightly ashore, drew his canoe half out of the water, and then advanced toward Charlie Ogilbie.

"So we have met again, Mr. Ogilbie," he said, while a slight smile stole across his saturnine visage. "The murderer and his accuser are face to face once more, you see!"

"A meeting as little agreeable as it was expected," returned Ogilbie, bluntly.

"Honestly said, at any rate!"

"I always speak out my mind. If a man's worth his salt he'll not be ashamed of an honest opinion."

"Then you have not been careful to shape your habits by the wisdom of the world," said the stranger, smiling sarcastically. "Well, I like you not the worse for that, Mr. Ogilbie. But look you, one should be slow to rush to conclusions from first appearances. Now, supposing the red man fell by an unlucky shot that might as readily have made yourself its goal?"

"Then it would have left me nothing to say one way or other. If your conscience was clear you took a bad way to clear your character."

"I took the way that suited me," replied the stranger, haughtily. "I'm not used to explain my affairs, nor answer for my proceedings to every fellow I meet in the forest. Nor would I *now* were it not that I owe you acknowledgment of a very important service, and I'm one of those who don't allow their pride to stand in the way of the discharge of their liabilities, and who feel not quite at ease till their debts are paid."

"Yah, yah, yah," laughed Sambo, who had constituted himself one of the party. "Dat de man for dis chile's money. Rare ole coon ; kind ob walkin' curisoity!"

The stranger took no notice of the interruption and continued,

"You saved my daughter's life, Mr. Ogilbie—you and your companions—and may claim from me such consideration as I seldom bestow."

"What! the girl we rescued from the wolves?" said Charlie, looking on the man of mystery with a new and softening interest.

"Even so, my friend, and preserved to me the only one that binds my heart to earth, where life has been to me but one long misery, and the fact of my birth a curse."

As he spoke, he turned half away, as if to hide the agitation which even *his* iron will was unable to repress.

Charley turned to Sambo:

"Not at work, Darkie?"

"No work, nebber fear. No work, an' go to debble for a dollar, to please dat ole Bill. Aggravating ole coon ! Ole Aunt Sall says, says she, 'Mind yerself, Sambo, or cuss'd ole debble snap yer up and nebber wink him eye.'"

At that moment footsteps were heard approaching, and immediately Bill the Driver came upon the scene.

There was a savage look in the Driver's eye that was decidedly a caution.

Turning fiercely to Ogilbie he demanded why he was not at work.

"Because it's not a day for work," said Charley quietly.

"No! Why *not*?"

"Because it belongs neither to you nor me."

"None of your cursed cant, Ogilbie. Come, turn out. That raft must be finished before the sun goes down; and I'll have no darned infernal humbug while *I'm* at the helm. They call me Bill the Driver—I'll drive ye all to the devil and back again, but I'll make my work be done."

"If that's the way you're going, Bill, you had better look sharp yourself, for you may have trouble with your friends," said Charlie, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

The Driver gave him a look that a fiend might have envied; and turned ferociously to Sambo. "How now, Darkie? Is it with a heart as black as the devil's crook, you think that *you* have a soul worth savin'? Off with you, this minute, or I'll show you I've not forgotten the way to put wrinkles in a nigger's hide!"

Sambo looked him steadily in the face, but neither answered him, nor moved a foot in the direction required by the Driver, now almost past himself with fury.

"Won't you go?" he thundered, tightening his grasp on a short bar of wood he had in his hand.

Sambo continued as before, motionless and silent.

As a flash of lightning, the bar cut the air, and fell, with a thud, on the woolly skull of the devoted black, who staggered backward, but kept his feet.

"Eternal fury! Won't you go?" the ruffian growled, grinding his teeth, and advancing on the retreating Sambo. "Won't you go? I'll——."

But a strong grasp was on his collar, and a pair of flashing eyes met his, with a look which showed that he had now to do with a spirit as resolute as his own, for Charlie's blood was boiling; and there was a lion in his nature that rendered him no ordinary antagonist!

The expression that now came out on the Driver's face baffles description. It was the outcome of many a day

of pent-up hostility! There was hatred, to insanity, exultation, defiance, murder, in a countenance which seemed like that of an infuriated demon rather than of one of mortal race.

Grasping his antagonist by the throat, he drew a pistol from his pocket.

Charlie saw the barrel of the weapon gleaming in the sunbeams. The next instant there was a flash, a sharp report, and Ogilbie reeled backward; his heel struck against a stone; and, then, both combatants fell together into the fast-flowing river.

It was only a moment till the Driver's head was seen again above the water; and, then, with a look around him of savage exultation, he struck out for the land.

When Charlie reappeared he was some way down the stream, and evidently unconscious.

Quick as thought, the stranger ran his canoe out upon the flood, and struck out bravely to the rescue; while Sambo, with agility of which one would scarcely have deemed him capable, had also taken his place in the canoe.

"Here him is, Massa; here him is," cried the negro, clutching Charlie's hair, just as he was disappearing below the flood.

"Hold hard, then, darkie; hold, for your life," returned the stranger; at the same time turning the head of the fragile craft toward the shore.

A few minutes afterwards the canoe went swiftly up the stream, bearing the victim of the assassin's aim, now regaining consciousness, the faithful Sambo, and the man whose presence on the scene of these occurrences had saved a life from otherwise inevitable doom.

It was not yet noon when Ogilbie and Sambo found themselves within the very threshold to which they had conveyed the maiden they had rescued from the wolves!

There was the light of gladness in her eye, as she saw that the life of her preserver was in little danger from the bullet of the assassin!

CHAPTER XI.

"His curses, then, from bitterness of soul denounced against thee :

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter Heaven."

Affairs at Duddingston were not progressing more harmoniously than heretofore. There was now almost complete estrangement between the opposing factions ; and they resembled two hostile armies, or, rather, a beleaguered city and its foes, while guns were silent in the lines and on the ramparts, and only the miners were at work with their stealthy operations.

In his disappointment, Gilbert had become almost infuriated ; especially because the Laird appeared to have become indifferent to what might be the issue of their schemes. He was in hourly dread that he might learn, from the kind gossip of his friends and neighbourly well-wishers, who were, as he knew full well, not a little mortified by the preference shown by the Laird for the Carmichaels, that his late accomplice in these proceedings had transferred his attentions to some other quarter ; as he had already threatened he would if Jeanie should continue obdurate. He knew that Maxwellhaugh was just the man to carry into practice any resolution he had formed ; that he was implacable in resentment, regardless of the consequences to friend or foe ; and that if he should turn from Jeanie, with the feeling that he, Maxwell of Maxwellhaugh, had been rejected by one so lowly as the daughter of the ' gudeman' of Cambusleigh, nothing would deter him from calling in those two thousand pounds ! This was Gilbert's greatest earthly terror. It had become a sort of mania ; and on this subject he was scarcely capable of reasoning with

that shrewd intelligence which was one of his most notable characteristics. He had one overmastering idea in connection with this plague of his existence,—a dread, indeed a persuasion, that utter ruin would follow an enforcement of the discharge of that liability. He was, therefore, in a state of mind in which he was little disposed to make allowance for his daughter's feelings, or to reflect very calmly on the obligations of a parent, as well as on the duty of the child. A blind demand for blind obedience was the one relentless passion that swayed him now, for the demon of avarice had sealed up the fountains of his heart, and blighted, with his hellish breath, all the gentler emotions of his nature. The man had become fiendish in his impulses, when money was in question; the affection of a parent, gallantry as a man toward the gentler sex, all that, apart from the higher endowments of the spiritual life, distinguishes the nobler side of our nature, had been consumed as straw is withered in the fire! And Gilbert Carmichael presented a living evidence, to those who had insight to discern him, of the consequences of an evil passion unchecked in its beginning, and allowed to bear its bitter fruit!

One evening when affairs were in the condition which has just been indicated, Gilbert was returning from Edinburgh, after serving on a jury empannelled to hear a case involving a large sum of money, and which resembled, in several of its features, in some degree his own pecuniary transactions with the Laird of Maxwellhaugh. The impression which had been left on his mind was not productive of very agreeable reflections; clouds and darkness seemed to gather thickly over him, gloom that had its birth within his own distempered brain.

The very face of nature, too, seemed strangely in keeping with his mood. It was nearing mid-summer, but a darker and more dreary day could scarcely have dawned in the depth of winter than was that day in June. There was a leaden sky, without a gleam of sunshine. A cutting wind came in from the sea, and swept

along the slopes of Arthur's seat with the dreary moaning of a mid-winter blast. And all this deepened the depression that pressed so heavily on Gilbert's heart, and aggravated all his dreary forebodings.

The family at Cambusleigh were seated together in the parlour of the old farm-house, while the long June twilight was giving place to the gathering night.

There is always something of sadness in a contemplative mind, in the passing away of day; but on this occasion, the gloom of the dreary gloaming lay like a load on the heart of each as they sat silently watching the coming on of night—while not a star was in the sky—and listening to the wind souging mornfully among the trees and sighing through crevices and key-holes. Gilbert, sitting in the big arm-chair devoted to his own especial use, was absorbed in the contemplation of a problem that clouded his face with gloom. His brows were drawn down, his lips compressed, and there was an expression in his eyes of mingled trouble and determination. Miss Margery, occupied busily with her knitting-needles, also looked care-fraught. Jeanie was mute and sad enough, for, while her heart was far away from Cambusleigh, she was oppressed with a foreboding that a dark cloud was gathering in the direction of Maxwellhaugh.

At length Gilbert moved uneasily in his chair. "Time's flyin' fast awa, Jeanie!" he said in an admonitory tone.

The young lady looked at him as if she was not quite aware in what way *she* was responsible for that fact in the arrangement of affairs.

"Flyin' fast awa, Jeanie, an' I hae just been considering that it's fu' time we had made up our minds about that affair o' Maxwellhaugh's."

Miss Carmichael gave her nose the peculiar little toss that was always significant of rising indignation.

"It's no just plain, brither, in what way Jeanie's to be held responsible either for the flight o' time, or the af-

fairs o' Johnny Maxwell!" she said, in a sarcastic tone.

"The responsibility o' self-interest; an' that's no despicable!"

"You're fine at propoundin' riddles, brither; an' Jeanie's obligations to the Laird are still a mystery to me!"

"Do ye no see he's keepin' awa frae Cambusleigh?" said Gilbert, sharply.

"An' that's the only praiseworthy performance that can be put to his credit this mony a day syne!"

"Hout, tout! Dinna ye ken that Jeanie's weel-bein' hangs in the balance?"

"I ken nae sic nonsense."

"Dinna ye ken it only needs a word frae Jeanie to mak' her ledgy o' Maxwellhaugh?"

"An' it made her Duchess o' Duccleuch, that word shall ne'er be spoken. Ledgy o' Maxwellhaugh indeed! I just opine she's weel rid o' the honour!"

"Ding me doon!" cried Gilbert, bringing down his clenched fist violently on the arm of his chair, "but ye'll drive me daft! What do ye tak' me for? I will be master at my ain fireside; an' parent o' my ain bairn; an' will use the rights o' parental authority for the weelfare o' my house! An' if I say to Jeanie my will maun be done, wha's to say, 'Ill ye did it, Gilbert?'"

"Your ain conscience, brither!"

"An' I hae just cam to the conclusion," continued Carmichael, without heeding Miss Margery's remark; "just made up my mind, that Jeanie maun be ledgy o' Maxwellhaugh."

"An' I hae made up my mind to tak' up my testimony against tyranny an' iniquity, an' a' the wiles o' the world, the flesh, an' the devil," said Miss Margery, resolutely. "An' I tell ye to your face, Gilbert Carmichael, that she will never gie her hand to the Laird o' Maxwellhaugh."

"Is tha' thy determination, Jeanie?" said Gilbert,

rising slowly from his seat, and beginning to pace the room. "Is that thy resolution, lass?"

Jeanie fixed her soft blue eyes on her father's face, now pale with passion; her own cheek colourless as his, but with a different emotion; while her breast heaved painfully.

"Is that thy resolve, Jeanie?" he said once more.

"It is, father."

"The respect ye think is due me, Jeanie?"

"When did I come short in *that*, father?"

"When, indeed?" chimed in Miss Margery.

"It's a' very weel! a' very weel! but ye come short in it the now," said Gilbert, sternly. "Ye dinna ken how much depends on the choice ye mak' about the Laird. It's little less than life an' death! It's house an' hame! May be it's a prison—wi' the scorn an' laughter o' the neighbours, when at last they'll hae the crow on the Carmichaels! Think o' a' *that*, Jeanie! an' think o' throwin' awa the leddyship o' Maxwellhaugh!"

The poor girl was silent, while tears ran in streams down her bloodless cheeks. She saw that her father's heart was fixed on her union with the Laird. She knew that he not only desired her own aggrandisement, what he *deemed* to be for her well-being, but that he trembled for the consequences of offending one so implacable as Maxwellhaugh; and, in the yearning of her heart towards the parent whom she loved so dearly, she bitterly bewailed the vow she had made never to join her hand in wedlock with the Laird's! Generous, almost to a fault, but for this she would at *once* have yielded; laying down her happiness, perhaps her life, at the shrine of her devotion! As it was, the struggle was excruciating. Her love for Charlie had been quickened by the thought that the hour had come when she must make a decision which, if she followed the suggestions of her filial affection, would cut her off from him forever. The love she bore her father overwhelmed her with tender sympathy, not less powerful in its influence on her heart than her compassion for her lover!

It was a moment of unutterable anguish. All that was most tender in a very tender nature was in conflict; while even conscience was divided against itself—her obligation under her vow in hostility to her duty to her father. No selfish thought mingled in her agony; at least in the forefront of the conflict were ranged, in opposing ranks, all the nobler impulses of her heart.

Gilbert paused in his walk, and confronted the weeping girl—but he was blind, in his rising passion, to her agony. There was a fierce light in his eyes, a fiery glare that was terrible to behold; and his voice, when he spoke, was hoarse and low.

"We maun come to a decision, Jeanie," he said, very measuredly.

She gazed at him with bloodshot eyes, and look so piteous that it might have melted a heart of stone. She tried to speak, but no words escaped her bloodless lips: and then, covering her face with her hands, she shook and shivered as one in an ague.

Once more she looked at him. "You ask my decision, father?" she said, in a voice, low indeed, but perfectly distinct. "Then, I must let ye ken that I can never match wi' Maxwell o' Maxwellhaugh!"

"Ye canna? or ye winna?" thundered Gilbert Carmichael.

"I wad if I could, just to please ye, father; but, O! it is impossible. I hae vowed a vow, before the face o' Heaven, never to match wi' Maxwellhaugh!"

Carmichael retired a step or two, as if he had been stricken on the face. His eyes stood out in their sockets, blazing with fury; foam gathered on his lips; and he shook with emotion. Grasping her by the arm, he raised her from her seat, by main force, dragged her out of the room, and then thrust her out into the blackness of the night. "Awa, awa," he cried, in a tone more like the growl of some infuriated animal than the voice of a human being. "Awa, wi' the curse o' thy ruined father resting on thy head!"

Grinding his teeth, he shut the door, with a force that seemed to shake the old farmhouse to its foundations; and which made its timbers creak, as if the old home of many generations raised its sorrowful remonstrance against that atrocious act of unnatural barbarity.

But Gilbert was past himself with rage—he was as one possessed, perhaps he *was* possessed by an evil spirit, as actually as the demoniacs of old.

It was now Miss Margery's part to intervene. She sprang toward the door—but Gilbert caught her arm ere it reached the latch—"Brither, brither, are ye daft?" she cried, struggling to free herself. "O, your ain puir bairn, the dearest, an' the last. O, Gilbert! the voices o' a' your dead cry to ye frae the grave! If ye hae nae mercy on your bairn, O, hae mercy on yoursel', as ye maun gie account at the judgment bar o' God!"

But his heart was all on fire with inextinguishable rage, his ear was dull of hearing; he held her with a hand of iron:—and Jeanie Carmichael was an outcast in the lonely night.

CHAPTER XII.

"This is the man should do the bloody deed."

Stunned by a catastrophe so sudden and so overwhelming, Jeanie Carmichael turned away from her father's door!

It was not until she had gone some way from the house that had been her home that she began to ask herself—whither, in her desolation, she should direct her steps? Her thoughts turned, at first, to the manse, the residence of the minister of the parish; but she reflected that recourse to one so intimate with her father would lead to overtures for her restoration to her home, on the part of the worthy divine; an alternative against which her heart revolted with indignation and scorn.

Nor would she apply to any other of the neighbours, in that hour of humiliation; and so she turned her steps to the way to Edinburgh; where resided a family, related to her on her mother's side, from whom she felt assured she should receive sympathy and shelter in her hour of need!

It was a dreary walk, at a lonely hour; but of this she took no heed, for she was overwhelmed with a torrent of passionate emotions—the indignation which needs must follow an outrage so violent; exasperation against all concerned in a persecution so cruel; and a lofty contempt for the mercenary baseness that had impelled her father to forget the claims of natural affection, and to drive her from his door!

It was a lonely walk at a lonely hour—and in the city the foot falls of the few who were abroad echoed drearily in deserted streets. Darkly frowned the grim old tenements as she passed along the Canon Gate, and the High street, each with its tale of centuries, of incidents,

perhaps, in lives as tragic as her own ! The place to which she bent her steps lay down beside the Links—a lonely house, in grounds enclosed with high stone walls, and approached by an avenue, along which she must needs grope her way, so dark it was under the thick foliage by which it was overgrown.

With faltering hand she knocked ; and then tremblingly awaited an answer to her summons. Her heart was beating painfully ; and a feeling of intense loneliness oppressed her. Around her lay the black pall of night, a dreary sullen night, the stillness of which was broken only by the fitful moaning of the wind among the trees.

Once more she applied the knocker ; but without response—neither foot-fall in the hall, nor any other token that any one was there, to bid her welcome in her sore distress !

Crushed by disappointment to the very dust, and becoming more and more oppressed by her desolate situation, she turned away from that inhospitable door ; bending her steps, but without any set purpose, along the street which leads past the old church and burial-ground of Grey Friars.

Sitting down under a lamp, beside the gate of the old kirk-yard, she burst into tears, while sobs and moans broke from her desolate heart.

There were foot-falls close at hand, but she heard them not—and then a man and woman passed by with hasty steps, going in the direction of the city.

Attracted by the piteous plaint of the lonely outcast, the woman paused, while the man went onward regardlessly.

“ What’s amiss, my lass ? ” she said. “ What’s amiss ? ”

Jeanie looked quickly up, the light of the lamp falling upon her face.

The woman looked at her searchingly.

“ Eh ! What ? Miss Carmichael, is it thou ? ” she cried, with unbounded astonishment.

Jeanie regarded her enquiringly, for, although the voice was familiar to her, she had not recognized the person who had addressed her.

"Do ye no ken me, Miss Jeanie? your auld servant at Cambusleigh, Maggie McTavish!"

In an instant Jeanie was on her feet, with Maggie's hand in hers, while gladness shone in her tear-filled eyes.

"Eh! What! Thrust frae your father's house!" said Maggie, in answer to the hasty explanation she had received of this so singular meeting. "Jeanie Carmichael a wanderer, outcast an' hameless! Eh! Gilbert Carmichael! Gilbert Carmichael! ye'll sairly rue the day ye closed the door against thine ain flesh an' blood! An' wae's me! what's to be done in this sair distress? Hae ye nae friens in Edinbro?"

Jeanie answered according to her circumstances.

"Alack! Alack! Wae's me! Wae's me!" sighed Maggie, while tears ran down her cheeks. "Heaven look doon on ye, puir desolate wanderer!"

Her remarks were cut short by the surly voice of her companion.

"Come awa, Maggie. Hout, come awa. Do ye think I'se wait till morn' while ye put ilk idle strap ye meet through her catechism. Come awa, I tell ye."

"Ye ken the lass?" he said, in a low tone, when Maggie had rejoined him.

"The daughter o' Gilbert Carmichael o' Cambusleigh!"

"Then she'll lippen to ye, Maggie? she'll no mistrust ye, if ye offer to find her shelter? Eh?"

"An' that's just the last thing I'se do; and sae I tell ye, to your face," she said sternly.

A very peculiar expression came out, slowly, on the fellow's face—a wonderous blending of ferocity, sarcasm, and quizzical humour.

"An' I tell *you* just as plainly," he said very deliberately, "that it's just the very *first* thing ye'll do, my lass.

Go back, an' *fetch* her wi' ye, mind; an' none o' your nonsense, I tell ye?"

"The Deil's in me if I do."

"Likely enough, ha, ha; but in or out, I just tell ye plainly it's a chance I'se no let slip; an' I'se stand nae palavers, whisper—"

As he spoke he caught her by the wrist, drew her close to him, and said something in her ear.

She looked at him with an expression in which fear seemed struggling with a desire to resist his imperious behest; but she read in his look that the demon had been aroused within him, and that he would stop at no enormity in the enforcement of compliance with his will.

Still she dared to hesitate.

"Will ye hae *nae* compassion?" she cried piteously. "O, has Heaven nae terrors, an' Hell nae pains?"

He laughed mockingly, and flung her hand away from him.

"What I say I'se *do*," he said, in a manner that left no doubt at all of the firmness of his resolution. "Sae tak' your choice, Maggie, tak' your choice."

"O, wae's me! Wae's me!" she cried.

"Ye'll may be hae wae an' wailin' plenty," he said, with a mocking laugh. "But tak' your choice!"

Slowly, and very sadly, Maggie retraced her steps, and once more accosted the poor weary girl, leaning against the lamp stand, with her burning forehead pressed against the iron post.

Half an hour afterwards, Jeanie Carmichael was lodged within the fatal walls made famous by the infamies of Burke and Hare.

CHAPTER XIII.

"But this sore night hath trifled former Knowings." -
Shakspeare.

The grey glimmer of the dawn was stealing across the quiet city—although the darkness was still unbroken in the gloomy chamber to which Jeanie Carmichael had been conducted in the hospitable abode of Messrs. Burke and Hare—but sleep had not yet come to her relief. Her pillow was wet with weeping, and her heart was sore with the fervency of long-continued supplication, for she had been taught that there is a Providence who rules in the affairs of humanity; taught to tell her wants and woes to Him who shapes the destinies of worlds and clothes with its loveliness the lily of the field!

At length she fell into a condition of lethargic forgetfulness of her suffering, induced by complete physical prostration, the result of anxiety and fatigue.

While she lay in this abnormal state, some remarkable phenomena were presented to that inner consciousness which has cognizance of the strange phenomena of dreams. We shall, however, leave the elucidation of the mystery to those philosophical persons whose special calling it is to investigate the constitution of the human mind.

An apprehension of impending peril came upon her. Although in deep darkness, by some strange power of vision she seemed to see as clearly as at noon-day.

Along a corridor which seemed to stretch far away into the lonely night, came a figure, with slow and noiseless steps, toward the place where she lay, bound by growing terror, as by a spell. He had the appearance of the man who accompanied Maggie McTavish on the

preceding night. Behind him came a form, shade-like, but with all his lineaments so clearly defined that he had all the distinctness of flesh and blood while he had the shadowy consistency of a spectre.

In an agony, she lay with her eyes fixed on them, powerless, in her terror, to articulate or to move.

They paused, and the fiend raised his shadowy hand and pointed towards her, with a look so terrible that her blood ran cold. The man crept noiselessly to her side, stooped down, and peered into her face, with eyes that looked like balls of fire. Then, drawing slowly back, he stood with contracted brows, and in his eyes the look of an assassin.

Suddenly a strange expression crept across the visage of the fiend; a look in which were blended hatred, terror, fierce resistance, gradually subsiding into abject submission, as to a will against which there could be no long debate.

Meanwhile, the human agent in this strange drama was apparently unconscious of what was taking place around him—unconscious even of the presence of the fiend, but completely under his influence.

Shrinking slowly away from her, he turned about, went off along the corridor, followed closely by his grim associate; and at length both were lost to view in the darkness.

The vision had passed away, and Jeanie Carmichael fell off into a dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Bad is the world * * when such bad dealing must be seen in thought."

It was late on the day after the occurrences related in the preceding chapter when Jeanie awoke, to find Maggie M'Tavish sitting on the side of her bed, with a very anxious and care-worn look. It was evident that she had been weeping for her eyes were red and very sorrowful. She tried, however, to assume a more cheerful air when she saw that the girl regarded her with anxious scrutiny.

To a remark on Jeanie's part that she should try once more for admittance to the house of her relatives, at which she had applied so unavailingly on the preceding night, she turned, apparently, a regardless ear, pointed to some bread and tea on a table beside the bed, and then abruptly left the room.

Pondering on these strange occurrences, Jeanie, having partaken lightly of the refreshment supplied to her, still kept her bed, for she felt, notwithstanding the long sleep she had enjoyed, that she still needed rest, so severe had been the strain of what she had undergone on her nervous system. As she lay thinking of all these strange occurrences, her past life seemed like a happy dream, from which she had been awakened as by the shock of a tempest, sudden and overwhelming in its violence; but it was the outrage done to her filial love that had wounded her most sorely. At length drowsiness crept over her, ideas became confused, and then she fell over into the blissful unconsciousness of sleep.

When she awoke it was night once more, and she found herself in utter darkness.

'A horror of great darkness!' What is there in the

night that quickens our apprehension of the supernatural, and makes so large a call on our philosophy? why do we never look for ghosts at noonday, nor receive, while shines the sun, communications from the shades? if all we hear of shady visitors be true! And this strange influence of night was felt very painfully by Jeanie Carmichael, as she lay with the vision of the preceding night haunting her with all the vividness of a veritable visitation, and deepening the apprehension she had begun to feel that some evil awaited her in a place which she now regarded as little else than a prison. The painful impression made upon her mind by all that had taken place, deepened as the slow winged hours went by, and an intense desire to escape from that dismal den grew in proportion to her increasing despondency. What and whence, the evil that she dreaded she was unable to conjecture, but the terror that oppressed her was none the less painful because it was associated with the mysterious and unknown. Unable longer to remain in passive contemplation of a situation so painful, she rose, noiselessly drew on her clothes, and crept on tiptoe to the door, which opened freely, giving egress into a narrow lobby, through a window at the further end of which streamed in the beams of the waning moon.

There was no indication that any one save herself was stirring. The silence of the dead of night lay all around, hung as if it were a veritable entity brooding in the grim old house; and she trembled lest her very breathing, in the deep deathlike stillness, should call up some terrible apparition in her way.

Cautiously, and often pausing to listen, she crept along the lobby, in the hope that she might find a way of exit by the window. For that outer world, where she might breathe the free winds of Heaven in exchange for the fetid air of that place of bondage, she sighed with all the intensity of a passion; and the poor girl's heart, yearning for freedom, ached all the while for home, with the poignancy of agony!

She had just reached the window when a sound, as of a latch lifted cautiously, fell upon her ear ; and she saw, to her dismay, two men, one of them carrying a lantern, enter the lobby at its farther end. Her heart fell, for it seemed like the realization of her vision of the preceding night. Her strength began to fail. Then, by a great effort, turning away from the objects of her terror, she rushed through a doorway close at hand, into a room faintly lighted by the moonbeams, and apparently unoccupied. Furniture there was none save a table, a bed in a corner, and a large press or wardrobe, the door of which stood open, as if to invite her to enter, and hide herself therein.

In an instant she was within it, with the door drawn to ; and not too soon, for the next moment the men were in the room. She could see them through a crevice in the door—the man who accompanied Maggie McTavish, and another, who was Burke, his partner in iniquity.

Hanging the lantern on a peg in the wall, Burke sat down on the side of the bed, lighted his pipe, and began to smoke complacently ; while Hare perched himself on the table, with a scowl on his brow, and a very sinister expression in his eye.

Jeanie saw them distinctly, for the light fell full upon them. It fell also on the bed, and showed her that it was not untenant ; but there was something so peculiar in the look of that silent occupant, so still, so deathlike, as to suggest that that tenant was a corpse !

"It's just the way wid them," said Burke, in continuation of their conversation, "things niver go straight whin ye want them ! Here we are at the wrong ind o' the sayson, an' trade goin' slack ! Did he tell ye he wanted one, or two, or none at all ? or what did he say to ye, at all, at all ?"

"Ane for a special dissection ; an' ane for a private class, that hae wit enough to keep by their trade, instead o' scamperin' awa on their holidays."

"It's the deil's invention, them holidays !" said

Burke fiercely. "It's *that* that's drivin' trade so dull! *whin* did he say he wanted them?"

"As soon as we hae them ready for the knife."

"Well thin, he'll not wait long for *one*, for she's behint me, as nate a stiffey as they need ax to see on a dissec-tin' table! an' if the girl in the other room—the one you fetched in last night—is not in the same condition, who's to blame for that, I'm axin'?"

"Who?"

"O coorse. Didn't *you* undertake to do the job? an' what came over ye, but ye did it, instid o' comin' back like a whippit hound wid your tail between your legs? Tell us *that*, now, Misther Hare!"

"I dinna just ken weel, mysel," Hare answered testily. "But I just think it was a dream I had."

Burke looked at him scornfully.

"Hout, mon, tak' up nae opeenion till ye hear!" said Hare, sulkily. "Weel, while I waited till I could slip frae Maggie the key o' the lassie's room—for Maggie keeps as close a watch on that Carmichael wench as if she was her ain bairn—I just pappit asleep mysel', an' saw in my dream sic a pack o' horrors as only the auld deil himsel could shape for mortal's ken! I thought that somebody had taen his last dance, wi' the hempen cravat about his neck. I thought that the body was hung up in a room, at dead o' night, where you an' I were lyin', wi' the light o' a lamp showin' him there sae still an' ghastly! An' the silence was as deep as death. The very light looked pale, as if it had taen its colour frae the corpse! An' there I lay, my eyes fixed on the horrible thing; an' a cauld sweat upon my brow, an' a' my strength clean gane. Then the corpse began to move, to turn about, slowly, an' sae still-like, for its back had been next me, till the full light of the lamp fell on its face, sae black, an' wi' a horrible grin, that showed its teeth; an', eh mon, it was yoursel! an' your eyes were fixed on *me*, wi' a look that sent the bluid cauld to my heart. I thought that ye blamed me for the hangin' o'

ye! Again the corpse went round, an' it had another face; an' *there hung I*, an' mon, I felt mysel in the body o' the corpse, dead an' alive, baith at ance, wi' the blackness o' damnation yawning under my feet, an' the flames o' hell about me; an' out o' the blackness, an' out o' the flames cam the faces o' them ye ken, wi' gibes, an' jeers, an' cries, as though a' the fiends in blazes were mockin' at our fate!"

"An' that's your dhrame?" said Burke, ironically; but notwithstanding his air of indifference he had not been quite regardless of a narrative that was only too directly consonant with many a suggestion that had arisen in his imagination of possible events.

"Is that your dhrame, I'm axin'?" he continued, with increased contempt.

"Eh, mon, if ye had had it yoursel! if ye had had it yoursel!" said Hare, not disposed to be laughed out of his belief in the significance of his dream. "I tell ye, Burke, that between a body's conscience—"

Burke laughed tauntingly.

"Ye may laugh, or ye may greet, but I hae a spark o' conscience, whiles, for a' that," Hare went on. "An' what wi' *that*, an' the hangman an' the deil, it's no just as easy to whistle awa a dream like *that* as ye'll lilt a strathspey! Weel, whan I awoke, an' minded on the job I had on hands, I wad hae gien mair than a fair day's wage to hae been weel red o't. But, ye ken, I'm no just the man to shun the fire for fear o' burnin' my taes; sae I pluckit up heart, an' in five minutes time was beside the bed, wi' my whole mind on my work, as if the deil himself was at my elbow! Just wi' that I minded on my dream! an' I could nae mair lift a hand than I could rin awa wi' the Lord Provost o' Edinburgh frae the midst o' his Bailies! *It just couldna be done!* An' I'se lea the job to *you*, the deil, an' the doctors."

Burke growled savagely. He had no objection to the work imposed upon him, but he felt indignant with his associate, whose qualms he regarded as evidences of a

weakening of that reckless spirit which had made them such suitable coadjutors.

"Humph!" said the Irishman, meditatively.

"But what's the use talkin'; wid your dhramas and nonsense! I tell ye, if we're to run in the same yoke there's to be no runnin' in an easy collar, lavin' all the pull to *me*, Mистер Hare! Mind that, anyway! Meanwhile, we'll slip the one that's ready to the quarters she's intended for, afore the day begins to break. I'm not amind to help ye out wid the fulfilment o' your dhrame, ha, ha, ha."

So saying, Burke began to prepare his ghastly burden for transportation to the dissecting-room.

When all was ready, the two miscreants went off together, taking with them the corpse of the latest victim of their hellish trade, while the first streak of dawn was breaking on the sleeping city, all unconscious that two such monsters in iniquity were operating in their midst!

As they emerged from the narrow lane, where they carried on their villainies, into the West-port, and turned to the left, in the direction of the Saltmarket, a face was withdrawn from a window, where a sharp pair of eyes had watched their movements closely; and, then, quick steps traversed the passage leading to the room that had been assigned to Jeanie Carmichael.

It was Maggie M'Tavish, pale, and anxious-looking, but with resolution in every line of her expressive face. She was attired as for a journey; and it was evident that if she meant to effect Jeanie's release she had no intention to remain behind, to brave the wrath of the fiends, whose absence had given her an opportunity for which she had watched, with many a bitter tear; for she repented sorely that she had induced the girl to accompany her to the den of Burke and Hare!

Maggie was not depraved. Circumstances, as strange as they were beyond her power to avert, had brought her into association with the miscreants in whose companionship we have found her; had made her an un-

willing accomplice in the concealment of their crimes ; and, as we have seen, in the inveiglement of Jeanie Carmichael into a position in which her life was placed in imminent peril.

Stricken with consternation and remorse, when she saw the girl, who in the happy hours of childhood had played about her knee, an inmate of a place where murder was a trade, she had determined to accomplish, if possible, her release ; had watched with anxiety which was an agony for an opportunity of effecting that design ; and now the opportunity had come !

To her surprise, when she entered the room where she expected to find the object of her solicitude, the place was tenantless !

A great horror seized her—fear that the usual fate of those who had been induced to cross that fatal threshold had befallen Jeanie. With hurried steps she went from room to room, searching with anxiety quickened by the reflection that at any moment the murderers might return ; and at length she drew aside the door of the press in which Jeanie had taken shelter.

With a beaming eye, and a merry laugh, Jeanie Carmichael met the astonished gaze of her friend.

“How cam ye here, Jeanie?” said Maggie,—wondering at the girl’s levity as much as at the unexpected position in which she had found her.

“Jeanie?” was the answer, accompanied with a strange expression of mingled drollery and astonishment in her eyes.

“Jeanie ! Wha’s that, gude-wife?”

Maggie looked at her with deepening wonder, and began to suspect, what was really the case, that the poor girl’s reason had given way !

There was, however, no time for parleying. On their use of the swift-winged moments depended the safety of a life ; and Maggie, grasping Jeanie by the hand, led her along the lobby and down a flight of stairs, near the bottom of which opened the door leading into the close,



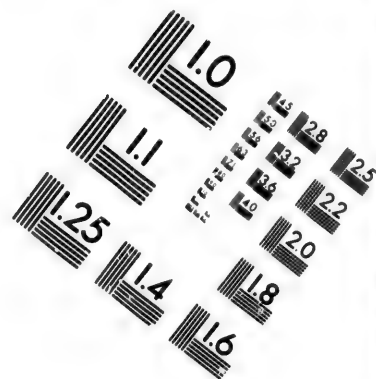
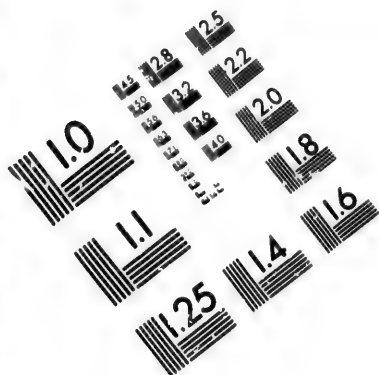
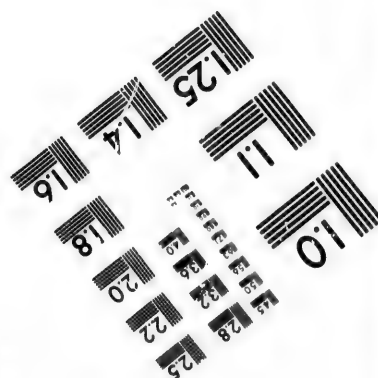
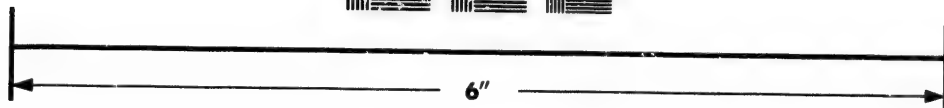
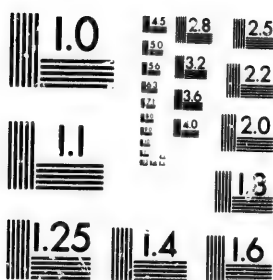


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or alley, in which the house was situated. Thence they reached the West-port, and took the direction contrary to that which had been followed by Hare and his associate.

As they sped along, Jeanie's merry laugh more than once rang out in the silent street, painfully discordant with the circumstances of her lot. It was manifest, besides, that she had lost all consciousness of her own identical self. She called herself by another name—Molly M'Alpin. She had come from the banks of the Doon, and once she sang a stanza of the 'Banks and Braes,' one of her favorite songs, of which, strange to say, she had not lost recollection, as she had of her previous life.

Maggie's heart was very sore as she contemplated this pitible wreck of a fair young life, brought about by circumstances all round so lamentable; and, while she loathed the ruffianism that had been its immediate cause, she mourned in bitter sorrow her own share in producing this disastrous result.

Turning down an alley, and thence along a narrow passage between two lofty walls, they paused before a door about half way through, on which Maggie knocked, and knocked several times before there was an answer to her summons. At length the door was opened very cautiously, and the wrinkled face of an ancient crone, with fiery eyes, and features that would have served a witch, peered out.

"Eh! Maggie M'Tavish; what deil's errand has fetched ye here at this time o' night?"

"Hout, tout, Mattie woman."

"Hout, tout, yoursel'! Dingin' folk out o' the blankets whan every honest body should be keepin' by their ain four wa's, Maggie McTavish!"

"Ye didna bang the door in my face when I brought your Archie hame, a live laddie whan ye might hae had him back a corpse, Mattie."

"Aweel! aweel! Ye needna heed an auld wife's

whimsies; sae, just step ben the house. But it's no for cracks ye hae cam abroad at this time o' nicht!"

Maggie turned to introduce her charge to this amiable old lady, but, to her astonishment, no Jeanie was there.

"Eh, whar's the lass? Whar's the lass?" she cried, beating her hands together in dismay.

"Mercy on us, Maggie! Are ye daft?" said Mattie, wondering at this sudden change in her friend's demeanour.

"Ye didna see her, then? Ye didna see her?" cried Maggie, hastening off along the passage.

"She's just daft, clean daft," said Mattie. "See her, indeed! Mattie McClucas is no just that far gane that she sees the deil, or the deil's imps—for mortal saul I saw nane—unless they come wi' flesh an' banes, an' they're no sae scarce in Edinbro!"

In vain Maggie searched for the missing Jeanie; and at length returned, disconsolate, to the shelter of Mattie's roof—with the dark secrets of that night's proceedings locked securely in her heart.

CHAPTER XV.

DARK DAYS AT CAMBUSLEIGH.

While all this was taking place, there was a very dreary time at Cambusleigh. Gilbert's unbridled wrath had soon burned out, and in proportion to the violence of his passion was now the poignancy of his remorse! His only child, the last of all his offspring, for whom, notwithstanding the corrosive influence of his guilty avarice, there was still a place in his affections, driven from his door, followed by the bitter curse that had leaped, but unpremediated, from his quivering lips! The strong man bowed himself in agony, and turned fiercely on himself; refusing consolation till the evil had been, in some degree, repaired by the restoration of his daughter to his home.

With this object in view, he had taken horse, and set out in search of her, while with the yearning affection of the parent's heart there mingled the shame and the compassion of a manly nature, in contemplation of one so tender crushed by a deed so foul! Wherever he imagined she might have gone there did Gilbert present himself, with a look in his face that startled all who saw him, and made them wonder what strange thing had happened that had brought so dark a cloud to the brow of the good-man of Cambusleigh!

It was a weary quest, his heart sinking lower as disappointment followed on disappointment. There was condolence in abundance, about something that had happened, the true nature of which was a subject only of speculation, as Gilbert had volunteered very little enlightenment, but information about Jeanie there was none! and *that*, and not gossip, was what Gilbert had in quest.

Confidence was invited on the part of sympathetic matrons, with tearful eyes and gentle shaking of the head ; to which he always answered that it was a family misunderstanding, in which the blame was all his own, " for, ye ken, a' folk's no just sae meek as Moses, nor gifted wi' the patience o' a Job ; an' the puir bairn may weel cry shame on Gilbert Carmichael ! "

Undisturbed by any such self-upbraiding as had driven Gilbert almost crazy, Miss Margery had put on her bonnet and gone over to the Manse. She knew that if Jeanie had taken refuge within the parish the Minister was the person most likely to discover it, with the least likelihood of occasioning an unnecessary flutter in the amiable heart of Duddingston. She knew how interested Duddingston would at once become in the affairs of Cambusleigh !

" Gilbert may gallop like a fule ; " she thought " an' claver to a' the itchin' lugs in Midlothian, but there's nae need to gie Mattie Watters an' the rest the crow at last on the Carmichaels ! "

Poor Miss Margy ! thy honest heart must feel many a grievous pang ere thine eyes shall rest on thy well-loved Jeanie !

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARLIE OGILBIE WITNESSES A STRANGE SCENE IN THE FOREST, AND WONDERS MORE AND MORE WHO HIS NEW FRIEND CAN BE.

Meanwhile, Charlie Ogilbie was winning golden opinions of his character by his ingenuous disposition, and the frank manliness of his bearing. A long and dangerous illness, occasioned by his encounter with Bill the Driver, had detained him at Glenriddle, the name by which the home of his new friends was known; and he had been tended during the weary days and restless nights with such watchfulness and regard as had awakened the warmest gratitude in a heart never slow to beat with generous emotion.

It was evident that on the part of Hazelrig Lilburn, for that was the name of his host, gratitude for the life he owed to Charlie, and his associates, was mingled with a growing friendship, which mutual obligations, as well as the estimable qualities so prominent in Ogilbie's character, were certain to produce.

Nor was it on Hazelrig alone that those attractive characteristics had made an impression favourable to their possessor. The blush that occasionally appeared on the cheeks of the gentle Edith told its tale of a sentiment that calls for a softer term than is applicable to the feeling that warmed the heart of her father toward his guest.

A fairer flower than Edith Lilburn never bloomed on the banks of the St. John. With a face of rarest loveliness, and a form of perfect symmetry, she possessed a disposition in which were blended the most winning qualities of her sex; and the wonder was that one possessed of grace

and culture which would have become a far higher sphere had found a home in a place so unsuited to such as she.

Often had Charlie asked himself, how this could be. And as the weeks went past, and new and higher qualities revealed themselves in Edith, the mystery grew more mysterious still; and he wondered more and more who these could be, who, qualified to mingle in circles of highest culture, seemed to shun association with their fellows.

It was evident that Lilburn was a gentleman by birth and breeding. Every attitude and action, and a certain inbred bent of thought, spoke of gentle birth. And, whatever it was that had reduced him to his present line of life, it was evident that his early years had been spent in a station far removed from that of a common settler in the New Brunswick wilds.

It was clear, besides, that some severe misfortune had embittered Lilburn's mind, arousing in his haughty heart the feelings of a misanthrope. The deep lines in his forehead spoke of long continued care. There was a look in his eye that told of anxiety and sorrow, while chagrin and scorn found expression on his lips.

One night in early summer, Charlie, restless with many a memory of the past mingling with perplexities as to the future, sauntered out into the lonely forest. He loved the sylvan beauty of the woods, and ever found in their solitude a resting-place where he could be alone with his reflections.

As he wandered along the glades, the fragrance of unfolding leaves came as nature's incense on the foot-stool of its Creator. The soft warbling of rivulets fell pleasantly on his ear. No other sound disturbed the silence of the night; while the silvery radiance of the moon fell through the lofty arches of the forest.

Suddenly he was warned that some one besides himself was there, for a sound like a heavy sigh reached his ear.

Cautiously approaching a fringe of brushwood, from

which he deemed that the sound had come, he saw in an open dell, on the farther side of the coppice, Hazelrig Lilburn, pacing to and fro.

Charlie had no desire to play the spy, but there was something so singular in Lilburn's look that he felt constrained to observe him for a little while.

Lilburn was evidently deeply agitated. His head was bowed; his face, clearly seen in the light of the moon, was ghastly, and drawn as with iron bands. Pausing abruptly, he raised his eyes towards the heavens with a look of unspeakable misery. He looked as one who listened for a voice out of the deep stillness of the night, or who waited for a thunderbolt to crush him from the skies. There was terror in his eye, and a gleam as of frenzy induced by his consuming agony. His bloodless lips now seemed sealed, denied the poor alleviation of a sigh.

Charlie gazed on him with wonder, and with deep compassion. Stern and ungenial though Lilburn usually was, to him he had been kind, almost with the tenderness of a woman. His hand had smoothed his pillow; his voice had whispered hope when life's lamp seemed burning low; and Charlie had learned to love the stern recluse—but never knew how tenderly till now, as he looked on him rent with this strange agony.

Generous and impulsive, the youth would fain have clasped the hand that had rescued him from inevitable death,—which was not, as now he knew, the hand of an assassin—but inexorable necessity forbade; and he turned away, remembering that not to him belonged the right even to look on this great sorrow.

There could be little doubt that there was a mystery in this man's life, which, if it were unfolded, would amply account for his banishment to a sphere which was not the proper condition of one so cultivated. It was impossible, however, as Charlie regarded his friend, to associate him with the commission of crime, for the lofty integrity which was so marked a trait in his character,

forbade the assumption ; unless, indeed, his nature, now so honourable, had been purified in the furnace of long-continued remorse.

It was, however, when he thought of Edith, doomed, with all her endowments, to a life in the wilderness ; cut off from association with her equals ; doomed to seclusion such as that in which she lived, far away from the advantages of society—and all this under the eyes of a father who watched over her welfare with all the unwearied care of unfailing affection, and seemed to find his only happiness in the happiness of his child—that the lot of the Lilburns seemed most mysterious, and awakened the deepest and most tender interest.

Nor may we assume that Jeanie Carmichael had now an inferior place in Charlie's thoughts. The memory of other days was fresh as heretofore, but it came as the sweet but painful recollection of some delightful dream, from which he had awakened to find that the vision could never, probably, be realized. In the stern struggle of a settler's life, his bright visions of prosperity to come had assumed a more sombre hue. Fortune was not to be acquired with the rapidity of achievement presented in the dreams of hopeful inexperience. Long years must pass before the penniless exile had become—if he should ever be—the favoured child of fortune. And without fortune's favours what hope had *he* that ever Jeanie could be his ? Other circumstances, too, tended to damp his hopes. Not one of several letters he had written, and dispatched to Cambusleigh, had been answered. It was scarcely possible all these had gone astray ; and wherefore, then, her silence ? Had they fallen into other hands than hers ? Had her father interposed ? All this was perplexing, and had cost him many an anxious thought, many an hour of worrying reflection, which left him never a whit the wiser, but harassed by ever deepening perplexity. He had no apprehension, however, that Maxwell was more in favour than of yore, for he remembered well her vow, in the stilly night, with

the stars for witnesses ; and he knew that, however she might continue to regard himself, Jeanie Carmichael would never be the wife of Maxwellhaugh.

But reasoned he never so wisely, he was unable to bid away a feeling of chagrin, which deepened as the weeks went past and the mortifying silence was unbroken. Love is prone to be capricious, and the tenderest emotion of our nature will often prove a traitor to itself ! It was so with Charlie Ogilbie, and thus a feeling of estrangement took possession of him, from the very object of his affections, the thought of whom had nerved his arm, and brightened his anticipations of the future.

Meanwhile he had begun to take a very tender interest in Edith Lilburn. We shall not call it love—in its fullest sense ; rather a sympathetic tenderness for one circumstanced as she, with an appreciation of her charms, which would have carried away at once any lighter head than Charlie Ogilbie's.

There was something very interesting in the character of Edith Lilburn. She seemed to live for others, without a thought of self. Her sunny nature never seemed so joyous as when contributing to the happiness of those around her. There were evidences, too, that she drew her inspiration from a higher source than the low level of ordinary life ; while all who came into contact with her, felt that they were in the presence of one of no common order. She alone, among them all, appeared unconscious that she was not as others—shedding around her the pure light of an exalted nature, which made the world seem brighter for her presence.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARLIE MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

From whatever source Hazelrig Lilburn derived the means with which he maintained his household in comparative comfort, little was produced by cultivation of the clearing around his dwelling at Glenriddle. His own time was spent mainly on the river in his canoe, with his fishing-rod; or in the forest, with his gun, and he frequently remained away for days together, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Charlie Ogilbie.

It was during one of these excursions that Edith, uneasy on account of his absence, and, thinking she had heard his voice, had gone out into the forest to find herself surrounded by the wolves.

Notwithstanding a predilection for the chase, natural to his time of life, it was with not a little unwillingness that Charlie saw his days gliding past in a manner far from conducive to the advancement of the object with which he had come to New Brunswick. But some strange desire on Lilburn's part that he should prolong his stay at Glenriddle had overcome, for the time, his wish to betake himself to some sphere more suited to his designs; and he had given himself up, with a good grace, to this constraint: which, indeed, was rendered more endurable by the presence of the gentle Edith.

There were other circumstances, too, that rendered him less unwilling to prolong his stay at Glenriddle. Indications were not wanting that the death of the ill-fated Indian—who had fallen by an unlucky ball aimed by Lilburn at a deer—had aroused hostility on the part of the scattered remnants of the ancient tribes, who still lingered in the woods. Between these children of the wilds and the settlers at Glenriddle there had hitherto

been unbroken amity; and Hazelrig had often, when away on his expeditions, partaken of the red man's venison, and smoked the pipe of friendship in the shelter of his wigwam. Now, however, he was met with scowling look, and silent lips, when he approached the Indian's camp; and they turned sulkily aside when they came upon him in the forest.

All this had been noticed by Ogilbie. He had remarked, besides, that recently strange Indians had begun to hover in the vicinity of Glenriddle, whose looks were suggestive that they were in no friendly mood. Their proceedings, too, were such as to give rise to suspicion that they had come to watch the movements of the man who had shed the blood of their kinsman, with the instinct aroused within them that used to set their father's on the war-path.

In these circumstances, Charlie was less averse from remaining at Glenriddle, for he held that it would be base ingratitude and poltroonery to forsake his friends in the hour of need.

As to Hazelrig himself, he seemed to have no suspicion that anything indicative of hostility was passing around him. He took no precautions to guard against surprise. He went about as usual; and frequently went off to spend the day alone, with his rifle, in the woods.

On one occasion, when this had occurred, there were tokens that the Indians had some game on hand which aroused very serious suspicions on the part of Charlie Ogilbie. He had noticed that the savages had disappeared, and taking this circumstance in connection with Lilburn's absence he was unable to free himself from a strong impression that evil was designed against him.

It was uncertain whether Hazelrig intended to come home on the approach of night, or to camp in the forest, sleeping under a rock, or perched in the branches of some spreading tree, or taking shelter in some abandoned shanty; it was, therefore, desirable, in Ogilbie's

opinion, to warn him of possible danger, which his own fearless nature would be slow to anticipate.

With this object in view Charlie set out in a canoe, for a place some way up the river, where he deemed it likely, from an observation which had fallen from Hazelrig as he strode away from home, that that incautious Rambler might be found.

It was a glorious afternoon, during the Indian Summer. The hazy sheen peculiar to the time, lay on wood and river, and the forest glowed with the rich and various tinting of the foliage,—as if the retiring season went away as a victorious king displaying all his banners.

With sweeping noiseless strokes Charlie sent the light canoe along the flood, his spirits rising higher with the generous exertion ; while his sense of gratitude to Hazelrig, and the warm glow of a more tender emotion, nerved his arm for effort to avert a very possible calamity.

The sun was still high in the heavens when he reached his destination ; and it was, therefore, still too early to expect that Hazelrig should be found at the unoccupied shanty where Charlie had thought it possible he might intend to spend the night. Running the canoe under some drooping branches, he made it fast ; and, stretching himself in the bottom, began to while away the time with memories of other days ; memories that stole upon his heart as sweet sad music in the lonely night.

He was once more at Cambusleigh. Familiar scenes came up to view, as vividly as if he were actually there. He wandered beside the rivulet, in the soft closing of the day, with Jeanie at his side. Then he was alone, sauntering back from the reaping-field, the day's work done ; and, as he passed along the garden fence, he heard her singing, in the summer-house, a well-remembered song.

Awakening from his musing, he raised his head, and looked around, half expecting that his eyes should rest on the sweet-voiced songstress, all had seemed so real,

so actually present to his apprehension ; but silence reigned, and all was lonely in the wild New Brunswick forest.

Never since the hour when he took his last look at Cambusleigh had he felt so sad ; and his thoughts were fixed on that well-loved spot with a deeper longing than he had felt for many a day. His disappointment with her silence had been forgotten, chagrin had passed away, and coolness had given place to affection as sincere as it was ardent. Old times had come again in Charlie's heart,—there was none now but Jeanie ; and no spot on earth so dear as the dell beside the rivulet at Cambusleigh ! He was aroused from his reverie by something that sent the blood surging through his veins, for it was like the voice he had heard in fancy singing that old Scotch song.

He started to his feet, and held his hand, shaking with excitement, against his brow, to shade off the sun-rays, as he looked with eager eyes in the direction whence the voice proceeded ; and then he saw, at the mouth of a creek, a little way up the river, a girl busily engaged in washing something in the stream ; while she poured upon the stilly air the strains that had set his heart beating so painfully.

Quickly shoving off the canoe, he swept the flood with noiseless strokes, and had run its prow high upon the beach, close to where the girl stood, before she was conscious of his presence.

Charlie's heart thrilled again, and with emotion that was almost agony.

" Jeanie ! Jeanie, darling !" broke from his quivering lips, as he bounded towards her with beaming eyes, and out-stretched arms.

She raised her head and looked at him, without any sign of recognition.

" Sir, I dinna ken ye," she said, modestly shrinking from his advances.

" *Not know me, Jeanie !*"

"Na, sir. How could I ken ye? We hae only newly cam to New Brunswick; an' I never saw your face before.

He looked at her in amazement. It was evident that she spoke in all sincerity. The eye, the tone, the whole expression of her honest face, showed unmistakably that she spoke, according to her present light, the simple truth.

What could all this mean? Was he dreaming? Was it possible for beings of the realms unseen to assume the lineaments of humanity, and appear to men? In every feature this was Jeanie; the Jeanie Carmichael he had left at Cambusleigh.

The soft blue eyes, the shapely brow, the wealth of golden hair, the slight and graceful figure, *all were hers!* The expression of the face was, indeed, more sombre than of yore, but it was a look he had sometimes seen her wear when she was troubled or perplexed. It was Jeanie in very deed! but where was the radiant look? the softening eye? the cry of joyful recognition?

"*And-you-dont-know-me- Jeanie?*" he said in a low husky voice, and very slowly; while tears ran down his cheeks.

"O how could I ken ye, sir? I ne'er saw your face before."

"O, Jeanie, Jeanie!" he said, as if his heart were breaking.

"I am no Jeanie, that's no my name. My name is Mary M'Alpin."

Charlie's eyes opened wide with astonishment, and again he scarcely knew whether to regard himself as the victim of some strange delusion, or to conclude that it was in truth Jeanie Carmichael, in all but the well-balanced intellect that had distinguished her at Cambusleigh.

From these reflections he was recalled by a somewhat imperative voice, demanding in the Doric of the Scottish Lowlands—

"What's keepin' ye lassie? I just hae nae patience

wi' ye, Mally M'Alpin! Standin' there claverin' wi' the first callant comes across ye!"

Without a word in reply, Jeanie resumed her work, while a sweet smile stole across her tranquil face.

More astonished still, Charlie looked in the direction whence these rather offensive expressions had come, and saw that the person who spoke was a woman, standing before the shanty; and he could see, as well, that her appearance was not out of keeping with the severity of her remarks. With an amplitude of form that would have become an Amazon, she displayed a countenance in which there was little of the softer characteristics of her sex,—a countenance not naturally unpleasant, but changed from its original expression by the hard conflict of life.

Beside her stood a man, quietly smoking a long clay pipe, and holding a child by the hand, while three or four other very juvenile hopefuls clung to his skirts and knees.

Turning away from Jeanie, and very sad at heart, Charlie went up the bank; and saluted the pair, who were now, evidently, occupants of the shanty.

Geordie M'Feeters answered him with civility; but the lady looked at him in silence, and with an eye that seemed to ask—by what right he had intruded on their privacy.

"An' sae, young mon," she said, after a very sharp scrutiny, "ye hae naething better to mind than dabblin' about in a canoe, an' discoursin' wi' the lassies? Just like ane o' the feather-headed callants in Edinburgh, wi' mair brass in their face than siller in their pockets!"

"Hout, tout, woman!" remonstrated Mr. M'Feeters. "Hout, tout!"

"Haud your tongue, Geordie. Ye'll hae made your fortune, young mon?"

Charlie smiled, and shook his head.

"What! No made your fortune? Wi' sic a chance amang tree-stumps and snaw! No made your fortune!

Eh, mon, ye suld hae feathered your nest as easy as ane wad mak' a blanket out o' an auld Scotch mist, or a kale garden on a pile o' whin-stanes?"

"You think little of New Brunswick, then?" said Charlie.

"Said I that? is it no the land o' Goshen?"

"Wi snaw instead o' hinny!" said Geordie slyly.

"Haud your tongue, Geordie. Ye ken as muckle about *that* as ye ken o' Paradise.

"Ye'll no be a native o' the place, young mon?"

"I'll never deny my country," returned Charlie; "for there are worse places than old Ireland!"

"Ye'll hae discovered *that* since ye cam' to New Brunswick?" said Geordie.

"Geordie, are ye daft?" said Mrs. M'Feeters. "Do ye no ken that whan ye made yoursel' laird o' the shanty, wi' a' the bonnie stumps an' woods, ye got a corner o' the garden o' Eden? But what's keepin' that hizzie, Mally? I just wish we had left her on the brumilaw o' Glasca."

Charlie's face darkened, for he disliked intensely this woman's bearing towards poor Jeanie Carmichael, and his eyes gleamed angrily. "The girl is your servant, I suppose?" he said very quietly.

"Ou, ay. She's a' I hae for ane, an' a nice bargain to bring sae far! I just wish we had the gude siller we wasted on her passage paid up in wark, an' she may tramp awa, an' welcome, for a' Jannet M'Feeters cares."

"An' just as gude a lass as ever left the Clyde!" said Mr. M'Feeters.

"Haud your tongue Geordie; I wadna gie a baubee for *your* opeenion, gude or bad," returned his amiable consort.

"I hae my ain notion still, for a' that," said Mr. M'Feeters, calmly emitting a long whiff of smoke, as a sort of mild defiance. "I tell ye, as I hae tauld ye mony a time before, that there's a bee in the lassie's bannet. She's no just a' there, piur body!"

"An' I tell *ye*, Geordie hinny, that let her be here, or let her be there, she maun just ken that *somebody's* no far awa an she tries her antics on Jannet M'Feeters," said that worthy matron, with a gleam in her eyes that left no doubt that she was sincere. "There's mair craft than madness in Mally M'Alpin," she continued, smiling grimly.

"The girl is, unquestionably, not quite sane," said Charley sadly. "How did you come to engage her? It's no harm to ask, is it?"

"Ye may speer as ye will, an' mak' what ye can o' the answer. Ae night, just a gloamin', she cam', sair o' foot an' weary, to our door, no far frae auld Linlithgow, She said she was frae the banks o' Doon, an' was on her way to Glasca. Sae we keppit her for the night, an' we saw that she had kindly ways wi' the bairns, an' a ready hand at house wark, was willin' an' o' gentle temper wi' auld an' young; an' sae, as we had New Brunswick before us, an' the deil behint us, drivin' us on to the backside o' creation, an' as we had heard tell that ye wadna just pick up a likely lass ony day in the week, we just took chance o' Mally. 'Whaur's her corrector?' quoth Geordie, wi' a sparkle o' sense for ance in his life. Correctors is lies, quoth I; I wadna gie a bauble for them! Janet M'Feeters has a way o' her ain for findin' out the warth o' beast or body, an' let me see wha will hae the best o' Jannet!"

"But, eh, guid us! Whaur's the lassie?" she exclaimed, with sudden excitement. "The boaties awa! an' the lassie's awa! But, gude be thankit, she's left the shifts an' sarks!"

It was all true—canoe and damsel were no where to be seen.

They raised their voices, and called out her name, but received no reply. They hastened to such vantage-points as afforded the most extensive view of the river, but their scrutiny was in vain, for so serrated was the

shore, both above and below the shanty, that ample opportunity was presented of concealment. There was nowhere any sign of the truant Jeanie; and it was deemed most likely that she had drifted down the river with the flood. Leaving with the M'Feeters such information as would be of use to Lilburn, if he should turn up at the shanty, Charlie set out along the side of the river, in the hope that he might discover the canoe and its occupant, and also meet with Lilburn; and, with eye and ear quickened by anxiety, he pursued his rugged way, with the resolution, and almost with the sagacity, of an Indian on the war-trail.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INDIAN CAMP.

The sun had set and Charlie Ogilbie, who had not yet accomplished more than half the distance that separated the shanty from Glenriddle, had seen nothing of either of those he sought.

It was soon impossible to discern objects at the distance of more than a few yards from the bank of the river. It was almost as hopeless to look for Lilburn in the forest.

His own position was far from reassuring. It was with utmost difficulty that he made his way along the woodland path; at length it became impossible to proceed, and he sat down at the foot of a tree, to wait for the rising of the moon. Nor could he contemplate the possibility of danger, from many sources, without that natural regard to self-preservation the absence of which would have been a sign not of courage but of fool-hardiness. Remembering the midnight scene, in which he had looked first on Edith Lilburn, as she stood facing her assailants, while nothing but their dread of the fire at her side, and the brand she waved, held them at bay, he sometimes fancied he heard the yelping of wolves in the depths of the forest; and more than once he rose, with his hand on his hunting-knife—his only weapon now, for his rifle had been left in the canoe—thinking that he had heard the snapping of a twig, under the foot, perhaps, of some prowling savage who had dogged his steps. But it was no craven terror that held him on the watch. Indeed there was even something in the situation not distasteful to his daring nature. There was just enough danger to give zest to an adventure in the woods at night; while the motives which had led him to

place so freely his own life in peril aroused within him a bold and chivalrous sentiment, which carried him away in scornful defiance of such dangers as might assail him.

Suddenly his eye caught a gleam of fire, which gradually increased till the stems of the trees around it glowed with ruddy light, and stood out into strong relief against the dark back-ground of the surrounding night. The fire itself was concealed from view by a thick coppice ; but he could discern that several persons were around it by the shadows which were occasionally thrown on the trunks of the trees.

Stealing stealthily towards the coppice, and then crawling under the tangled branches, he obtained a view of what was taking place.

Around a watch-fire there was a group of men, whose aspect announced that they were Indians—a band of the scattered Melicetes ; a tribe who wandered about the valley of the St. John ; while the Micmacs frequented the regions of the Province which lay to the north, as well as the neighbouring Province of Nova Scotia.

Some of them lay upon the ground, apparently asleep ; some sat about the fire, roasting meat for supper. Two or three were engaged in an animated conversation with a man who, at once, riveted Charlie's attention to a degree that, for a moment, shut out everything else from his thoughts—for that man was Bill the Driver !

It was evident that the subject they discussed was of no ordinary interest. Every face showed evidence that the worst passions of their savage nature had been aroused ; and a look of peculiar malignity scowled on the countenance of the Driver.

Directed by the glances which they frequently threw in one direction, Charlie turned his eyes as indicated, and saw—Hazelrig Lilburn, bound against a tree !

With head held proudly aloft, and fearless eye, Lilburn met the exulting looks of his captors. He seemed to regard them with haughty indifference, and scorn that

looked like a challenge to do their worst. His head was uncovered, and his white hair was seen around a brow that looked as free from trouble as if he sat at his own fireside.

Charlie's heart swelled with indignation as he looked on his friend and benefactor, in whom he had noticed so many traits of a noble nature, thus ignominiously held in durance, by a gang of ruthless savages, evidently under the influence of a man so subtle and malignant as the Driver, doubtless, indulging against Lilburn unsatiated animosity for having frustrated, on a former occasion, his blood-thirsty intention. Cruel as a fiend, acknowledging no moral restraint on his impulses, the Driver was just the man to avail himself of an opportunity to wreak on its object the suggestions of his malevolent and unscrupulous nature. Hence, come what might, Lilburn's bonds must be severed; and Charlie Ogilbie resolved that he would effect this release, or perish in the attempt.

Fortunately the coppice extended more than half-way around the camp, passing close behind the tree to which the prisoner was bound, thus affording to Charlie an opportunity to take up a position where he could, not only communicate readily with Lilburn, but observe all that passed around the fire.

It was an outlandish scene on which he looked; strange, and almost weird, as the ruddy glow of the fire shone on the motley band, and on the giant stems of the trees, deepening the darkness of the night in the surrounding forest. They had denuded the prisoner of almost all his garments. One had indued himself with his hunting-shirt, another had surmounted his own shaggy locks with Lilburn's cap, while his rifle and pouch had been appropriated by one who seemed to be the chief of the savage gang. A gigantic Melicete had possession of the prisoner's watch, which he had strung round his neck with a cord, and seemed as delighted with his 'singing-bird' as a child with a new-found toy.

It was evident that many an envious eye was cast at the possessor of the 'singing-bird.' Impetuous spirits appeared disposed to take the demonstrations of their more fortunate companion as insult added to the provocation of appropriation.

Suddenly, as if moved by some common impulse, the greater part of the band engaged in a hand to hand encounter for the possession of the 'singing-bird.'

The chief and the Driver rose to their feet, the former looking on with the stoical composure of his race, while Bill shook his sides with laughter, and yelled approval to the combatants.

For the moment the prisoner was forgotten, and Charlie seized his opportunity.

By a significant pressure on the arm he attracted Lilburn's attention; and the next instant severed the cord that bound him. Quietly and noiselessly Hazelrig availed himself of his freedom, and in another moment had disappeared into the underwood.

For some minutes the clamour in the camp continued. Then there was a momentary silence, which was followed by yells of surprise and rage; demonstrating to the fugitives that the prisoner's escape had been discovered.

Pursuit was now inevitable; and the silence that soon reigned in the forest showed that it had begun, and that the whole band had joined in the chase, with all the subtle instinct of their race.

There was nothing now save the deep darkness of the forest in favour of the fugitives; but the screen of night rendered their flight more difficult, by impeding their progress, and placing them at a terrible disadvantage before the crafty and astute children of the wilds.

Not a sound broke the stillness. Pursuer and pursued moved with noiseless foot, and the forest might have been a solitude, so little token was there that any living thing was there.

Hitherto Lilburn had led the way with unhesitating

steps, for, beyond the thicket, the trees were comparatively sparse; but now a denser growth, and ground more uneven, rendered progress almost impossible. It was dark as pitch, and the wood tangled as a jungle, and after some desperate efforts to penetrate the bush the fugitives abandoned themselves to their fate.

While they stood as in a trap, from which it was impossible to extricate themselves, Charlie felt Lilburn's hand upon his arm, with a grasp significant of danger; and he, too, became possessed by an apprehension that some one was near. The stillness was unbroken—the deep brooding silence of the lonely night—but it seemed as if some subtle intimation of approaching danger hovered in the air. The very silence seemed to warn of danger; the night, itself, to listen for the stroke of doom.

It appeared to be the very crisis of their fate. Charlie's flesh began to creep, for he expected that at any moment a knife might be sheathed in his breast; and he felt, besides, a strange intimation that his deadly foe was close at hand.

Again he felt the warning pressure on his arm—as if this singular being had been gifted with some remarkable faculty of perception not possessed by himself, and the next moment some one crept noiselessly past, and so close that he actually brushed against them.

The fugitives, although no cowards, now almost held their breath, for they knew that the slightest intimation of their presence would seal their fate. There were voices close to where they stood, as of persons in earnest consultation; and it became apparent that they were surrounded closely by the pursuers.

It appeared as if fate had led their foes directly on their trail.

Charlie's blood began to boil with impatience of this dull waiting for attack, instead of boldly facing his foes. If he had been alone, his impulsive nature would have precipitated an issue; but, fortunately, his power of

self-restraint was called into resolute action by the recollection, that another life besides his own was in jeopardy, which forbade an act which would doubtless have been fatal to them both.

Chasing, but determined to face the worst, he awaited the issue of an adventure which gave but little promise of relief. The very silence, which reigned once more, was ominous to a mind peculiarly susceptible of impressions from without,—brightening with the sunshine, and darkening with the shade.

Lilburn, meanwhile, stood like a statue, apparently as indifferent to what was possibly awaiting them as if he were a thing of stone. No Indian at the stake, callous and scornful, with the tomahawks flying almost within shaving proximity to his cheek, could have appeared more regardless; and yet the heart of this man of iron heaved with all the tenderness of a parent, and felt the keenest anxiety for the youth at his side, whose life, he knew, had been placed in jeopardy for *him*. Hazelrig was never slow to appreciate obligation. Stern and undemonstrative though he was in ordinary life, he had a warm heart at bottom, and there was a loyalty in his nature which bound him in truest friendship to the object of his regard.

Dissimilar as they seemed, there was a strong bond of sympathy between Hazelrig and Ogilbie; and now, while they stood in common peril so imminent, each thought of the other, with a forgetfulness of self not quite appreciable to philosophers in general!

Suddenly a distant outcry broke the silence of the forest. Close to where the fugitives stood, low voices were heard in earnest consultation; and this was followed by the rustling of the branches, and the snapping of twigs, as if some persons were crushing through the underwood.

In a little while it had become evident that the gang were concentrating on the spot from which the alarm

had come, suggesting that the time had come for the pursued to endeavour to complete their escape. Once more they essayed to pierce the coppice; and this time succeeded in forcing a way, in a direction directly opposite to the one which had been taken by their pursuers. After a short struggle in the thicket, they came out on ground free from underwood, where the forest was less dense, and the darkness less deep. Fortunately, too, they struck a path which Lilburn recognised, and along which he led the way with unfaltering steps. After a few minutes of rapid walking they came to the side of a rivulet; and, striking along its course, they soon reached the bank of the St. John.

Lilburn smiled grimly as he drew a canoe from under a fringe of bushes, which grew along the creek.

In a moment they were afloat, with wind and paddle, aided by the brimming river, carrying them away from the hostile shore, in the direction of Glenriddle.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE BORDER OF THE TEARLESS LAND.

Edith Lilburn had no idea that there was any hostility on the part of the Indians to her father. It was not unusual for him to be away in the woods, and she had no apprehension that danger was impending.

She had gone out to a favourite resort, on the border of the river. It was the hour of sunset, a time which always had for her a peculiar attraction. There was something in her nature which responded very readily to the appeals of nature to the higher susceptibilities of our being. To her, things that were without a voice to duller apprehensions spoke with meaning capable of recognition only by a soul susceptible of the inspirations of the higher life. To her, the flower unfolding in the sunbeams was no mere development of form, however perfect, and of colour, however fair, but had a meaning and a mission; and in the beauty of the evening sky she saw a revelation far above the mere tinting of the clouds. In her present mood she was especially susceptible of such impressions, and she was so deeply absorbed by her reflections that she was not immediately aware that a canoe had glided to the shore, below where she sat.

The occupant of the canoe was a girl, whose look was as interesting to Edith as her appearance was unexpected. Her face was pale and sweetly pensive, and spoke at once to the gentle heart of Edith Lilburn. In her eyes there was a dreamy depth, according with the expression of her face. A slight contraction of the brows suggested that her mind was not quite at ease; and the smile which broke upon her fair young face—as a gleam of sunshine on an autumn landscape—was like a sweet appeal for sympathy to a kindred heart.

To such a disposition as Edith's there was something strongly attractive in the look and demeanour of this singular apparition, and she readily went down to the side of the canoe. Jeanie—for it was she—smiled again and touched the bottom of the canoe with the end of the paddle, as an invitation to Edith, while in the look and gesture there was so much gentleness and naivete that the latter readily complied. No sooner had she taken her place in the canoe than Jeanie shoved off from the land, with a vigour that sent the light skiff skimming out into the current. Then, laughing joyously, she waved the paddle over her head, and flung it into the air with a force and a direction that sent it far away upon the flood.

Edith started violently, not only at this strange freak, but on account of the look which she noticed in her companions face.

"Oh, what have you done?" she cried, almost piti-
ously.

"Flung awa the oar," said Jeanie simply.

"And left us here upon the river to float, who knows where?"

Jeanie laughed gleefully, and her eyes sparkled roguishly. Suddenly her mood changed, a very sad expression came upon her face, and she sat in moody silence, looking wistfully on the darkening river.

Edith looked at her anxiously, becoming more and more convinced that she was afloat with one whose reason was unhinged.

Meanwhile the canoe, drifting down the river, was being carried by the wind away from the land. Darkness was settling on the waters, and hope of rescue fading with the sullen gathering of the shades.

Edith shivered as she looked around on the black lonely river. Then she covered her face with her hands, and called in her heart to God.

But ever as the night grew darker, Jeanie's spirits rose, higher, and ever higher. Now she laughed; anon

she sang, sang very sweetly, snatches of old Scotch songs ; with here and there a stanza of a psalm, from the quaint old version of the Scottish Kirk ; and sang them with real pathos, as if the light of an inner life, fair as the radiance behind a dreary cloud, eclipsed but not extinguished, abiding as its birth-place in the skies, had broken through her darkness.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season the night was warm and sultry, and Edith, being very weary, fell asleep—a restless sleep, in which poor Jeanie's singing mingled with her dreams in grotesque association.

She was suddenly awakened,—to find that the canoe had come to land ; and that her companion in this strange adventure was already standing on the bank of the river. The dark frowning forest, which grew down to the water's edge, had no hospitable look, but Edith readily stepped ashore, glad to escape from the dangers of the river.

They were now on the opposite side of the St. John to that from which they had set out, and as it was uncertain how far they had been carried down the river, Edith was unable to determine, by her local knowledge, whether there was any human habitation in the immediate neighbourhood of their landing-place. It was, besides, impossible, although the moon had risen, to thread the mazes of the forest, and they must needs find such shelter as was possible at the place where they had come to land.

Sitting down among the withered leaves, where an ancient oak spread his sturdy arms, they waited for the morning.

It was one of those oppressive nights, still, sultry, brooding, when nature seems to await the bursting forth of a thunderstorm. The heavens were becoming overcast ; and soon the moon was hidden by the clouds. There were low rumblings down toward the west, announcing that already the fierce aerial conflict had begun ; streams of living fire shot from the pitchy clouds, like the battle-

fires of hosts mustering for the strife ; and then the full fury of the tempest came—lightning, thunder, rain in floods, as if a sea had poured its torrents on the earth.

The place they occupied under the tree was not, perhaps, the safest, still they held their ground ; Edith awed but fearless ; and Jeanie in delight with the wild turmoil of the tempest.

The flooding rain was pitiless. At first, indeed, the stem of the brave old oak did, in some measure, shelter them, but as the storm passed onward, and the wind began to rise, they became exposed to the full fury of the deluge.

As morning dawned the tempest began to abate ; but, while the grey light of returning day crept across the forest, the hope which Edith had cherished that they might find themselves in the vicinity of some human dwelling died away. Far as eye could reach, nothing was discernible but interminable forest ; a waste of woods, dreary and inhospitable as desolation itself. Not a trace of smoke announced a place of refuge. Along the bosom of the river the slow-winged mist went creeping, as if reluctant to depart, as often slowly go the ills which so frequently over-cloud the destiny of man. On the river, too, there was a tenantless canoe—their own canoe adrift—and they were now precluded from departure by the water even if they would.

The day wore on—a cold frosty day, with a leaden sky ; cold that sent its darts with a sharpness that to them, shivering in their saturated garments, was agony. Hunger, too, was present with its pangs. Exposure and fatigue rendered them incapable of the exertion which might have restored some degree of vitality to there numbed and almost lifeless frames.

And so the slow-winged hours wore on ; hours of misery to both, although poor Jeanie tried to sing her scraps of songs, smiling through the darkness of her woe. A day to Edith of many a sad reflection, for her

heart was at Glenriddle, with the grey-haired man, whose life would be rendered desolate by a bereavement which she deemed so surely about to come. It was for him she sorrowed now; for she was strangely raised above anxiety for herself. Death had lost its sting. She felt within her that which told her that the grave should have no victory.

Darkened though her faculties were, Jeanie seemed to have some faint conception of what they owed to one another as companions in misery. Nestling to Edith's side, she wound her arms around her, drew her head down upon her own bosom, and tenderly pressed her cheek upon her cold forehead.

Suddenly Edith raised her head, for she thought she heard the strokes of a woodman's axe, far away in the forest. Then she raised her voice; and Jeanie, though she knew not why, joined in this cry for help; but their poor feeble wail died away unheeded in the lonely recesses of the forest. Again and again they cried, but fate seemed to catch their accents from their lips, and waft them away unavailing on the wind.

They could hear the axes plainly now, every stroke a signal that succour was at hand; but, alas! the sullen depths of the dreary forest lay between while their limbs were powerless, and their voices failed.

As the sun declined, and the gathering shades gave warning of the coming of the night, hope gave way to the blackness of despair. Night was coming—night and death!

So thought Edith Lilburn, as she hid her face in the bosom of this last friend, and resigned herself to her fate.

The sun was going down. Edith lay with her eyes bent on that silent closing of the day. There was a serenity in her look contrasting strongly with her situation, the serenity of one who had laid earthly care aside.

Slowly rousing, as if awaking from some deep reverie, in which her thoughts had been far away, she took out a

piece of paper and a pencil, scrawled with difficulty a few almost illegible words, and placed the paper in her bosom. Then she laid her head once more on Jeanie's breast.

Suddenly she started up, her face glowing with a wondrous light, her eyes beaming with a lustre that seemed to have caught its glory from a source not of earth. She had a look of rapture, which even poor wandering Jeanie gazed on with astonishment. Then, as suddenly, the glory passed away as the beauty of the sunset heavens she loved so well; her head sank on Jeanie's breast, and Jeanie's forehead rested tenderly once more on the brow whereon had shone so lately a light like the herald beams of unending day.

CHAPTER XX.

A STRANGE ALTERATION IN HAZELRIG LILBURN—TWO OLD FRIENDS MEET UPON THE RIVER.

The passage down the river to Glenriddle was accomplished by Lilburn and Charlie Ogilbie without further molestation by the Indians ; but not without being subjected to a very rough half-hour when the thunderstorm was at its worst. Day was breaking when they leaped ashore ; to find their satisfaction on reaching home in safety dashed by the account of Edith's unaccountable disappearance.

As was to be expected, suspicion fell on the Indians ; some of whom, it was thought probable, had been hovering about Glenriddle, and had taken advantage of the absence of Hazelrig and Ogilbie to carry Edith off.

If this were so, there was little prospect of rescuing her without a long and arduous search, in wilds where there would be little to guide them on the trail of the Melicetes. In so wide a region as New Brunswick, a land of dense woods and pathless wilds, the search must be vague, and their prospect of effecting a rescue uncertain at the best.

In the first excitement, they did, indeed, scour the woods around Glenriddle, but only with the hope to fall in with some stray wanderer, some hunter, or woodsman, who might be able to throw light on the affair, but all in vain ! They took to their canoes, and swept the borders of the river, hoping, besides, to find a clue to the enigma of the truant, Jeanie,—but all in vain. To set out on a wider search seemed as little likely to avail, while there was no clue as to the direction which they should pursue. They deemed it, therefore, advisable to continue their search for information before setting out on an expedition so uncertain at the best.

Nor had they any proof that her absence was positively to be charged upon the Melicetes. There was no evidence that any of the tribe, save those with whom Hazelrig himself, and Charlie, had come into contact, had been in the neighbourhood of Glenriddle. Suspicion alone attributed to them this occurrence, with which they might have had no connection. The affair was a puzzle which only became more inexplicable the more it was discussed.

As the days went by and no tidings came, deep dejection fell on Hazelrig Lilburn. A gloomy silence took possession of him; and when spoken to he answered as one awaking out of a dream. It was noticeable, too, that his vigour had departed; that his gait was feeble; he seemed as one whom this last stroke had left the mere wreck of his former self.

Charlie saw with daily increasing pain and apprehension, the change that was taking place in him. All the inmates of Glenriddle saw the havoc woe was making; and dark anticipations of what appeared inevitable, if no relief should come to the almost broken-hearted father, settled on every heart.

Day by day Charlie, with Sambo, who had taken service there, ranged the woods; occasionally remaining away for days together: or went canoing on the river—Jeanie never out of Charlie's mind—but as often they returned no wiser than they went. And disappointment, continually repeated, became at length the parent of despair!

On Lilburn, too, the torpor of despair had settled, chilling as the ice that had now begun to lock the waters in its relentless grasp. The mere shadow of his former manhood, he wandered to and fro, unable to rest, but with a step as purposeless as the wanderings of a child. His face was pinched, and furrowed with traces of the agony which was now his constant companion. His eye had lost its brightness, as if the light of life had almost gone out. But with these marks of suffering

and premature decrepitude, there were tokens of a psychologic alteration quite as unexpected.

It was noticeable that his temper had been softened by that immeasurable calamity. He was no longer stern, but demeaned himself with gentleness that reminded them strangely of the daughter he had lost. The haughty look was seen no more. The stroke which had laid his idol in the dust had set free all the better impulses of his nature,—for lo, it is the furnace that refines the gold; and, so, let none rebel against the pleading of the Lord!

One day Charlie Ogilbie had paddled down the river, bent on shooting ducks, and with a vague idea that some stray scrap of intelligence about the missing girls might come his way. He was drifting quietly with the stream, gun in hand, and with his eye on a flock of birds hovering over a spot where one or two of their kind had already settled, when his attention was attracted by a canoe coming obliquely over the waters, but in a course that would carry it in the contrary direction to that in which his own craft was drifting. In an instant the gun had been laid aside, the ducks forgotten, and the canoe, turned up stream, was skimming forward in a direction that would carry him across the course of the craft it was now his object to intercept.

If it had been a stern-chase it would have been difficult to forecast the issue, for the two occupants of the respective canoes were strong and skilful oarsmen. As it was Charley's craft was soon in a line with the course of the other, and in a few minutes they were within easy speaking-distance.

With not a little astonishment the two oarsmen recognized each other as old companions in the forest.

"Arra, is it yourself, Charlie Ogilbie!" cried Murty O'Gorman, striking his paddle into the water with a flourish and in a manner that soon brought his canoe along side his friend's. "An' how is every inch av you, Charles, me son?"

"Never better, and nothing the worse for a sight of yourself, Murty, old man! And right glad to see you hale and hearty."

"Shure I am, thin, glory be to Heaven! Where's the use av breakin' you timper wid your throubles?—as I tould you once before. You'll not be afther aisin' the burden on your showlldhers be frettin', anyway, an' that's a bit av a saycrit not known to everybody! An' so it's yourself that's there, an' no mistake!" he went on, with a beaming look.

"It's all that's of me, Murty."

"Well, thin, hould here your fist."

And the two shook hands, with a grasp that would have been a caution to less hardened fingers.

"An' shure enough, it's a sthrange world we live in, wid one thing an' another," said Murty meditatively. "Here we are, wid fate, or something, tossin' us about like so many pays rowlin' on a trincer! But shure it's good luck, anyway, that sinds us tumblin' up again whin we're wanted—an' that's the case wid yourself, Charlie, *a stoir!*"

"Ay! Ay!"

"Shure enough, it is! An' I say agin, it's a quare world all through; an' things will happen whether we will or no! You mind the girl we lost our night's rest about, wid the wolves an' their capers?"

"Go on, Murty. For Heaven's sake, go on."

"Arra, thin, you're the first man av my acquaintance was in a hurry to meet wid throuble! What dhrew her away from her home along wid a craythre not in her sinses?"

"O, Murty, man, don't beat about the bush—"

"Never fear! I'll be afther flushin' the covey fast enough, whin all's done! Well thin, if you still mind the tachin' you got at school—an' I'm no great scholar meself, the more I carried a peat undher me arm for a twelvemonth, an' wore out a pair av black-thorns, all to meself—make what you can out av *that?*"

And he handed Charlie a piece of crumpled paper.

"Och, shure, 'tis a sore sight it was whin we found them undher the ould oak tree!" he went on, with tears in his eyes. "A sore sight, shure enough! Enough to break your heart if it was as hard as one av the Twelve Pins av Connemara!"

Meanwhile, Charlie's strong hand shook, as he read the missive, not, however, Edith's, and on his face there was a singular expression, from which it would have been difficult to determine what was his predominant emotion.

"How far is it from here?" he asked eagerly.

"Just far enough not to be next door neighbour to where we are, anyway. It's all accordin' to the hurry you're in. Two hours, or so, won't lave much av the ground afore us."

"Long or short, show the way."

"Well, I will, if it was for nothin' only to plase you?" said Murty, turning the head of his canoe in the direction whence he had come; and skimming the waters at a rate that gave Charlie all he could do to keep up with him.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD LIGHT BACK AGAIN.

The place to which Murty led his friend was the spot where the unhappy castaways had landed.

Then he led him to the old oak tree, its withered leaves rustling softly, as if whispering to one another of what had happened beneath their shade.

While they stood beside the spot where Edith and Jeanie were found, Murty told him that he and his fellow-lumberers were at work in the forest; that a sudden flooding of a stream had sent them round by an unusual way, returning to the shanty when their day's work was done; that a strange thing attracted them—a low soft voice, scarcely stronger than an infant's, singing some Scotch song,—a voice which, if Murty had been in Ireland, he would have taken for a fairy's, sure there were none of the ginthry in New Brunswick—and that they had, thus, discovered Edith and her companion; one with her cheek laid on the other's brow; and the other—Murty's voice failed him for an instant, and he passed his sleeve across his eyes—and the other—the other one was dead!

Charlie Ogilbie stood with his arms folded on his chest, his head drooping forward, his lips compressed, as if he held in check the sorrow that struggled to be free. For the moment Jeanie was forgotten; all else was out of mind but the poor dead Edith, and her broken-hearted father.

Murty saw how terrible was the woe that rent him, and stood aside in silent sympathy. He had not expected this depth of sorrow, for he was not aware of how long Charlie had been an inmate of her father's house, nor how much he had been in association with

one whose untimely death had aroused so much emotion even in himself.

So Charlie stood and pondered ; then took off his cap, for a moment bowed his head, and then slowly turned away ; and silently followed Murty through the wood.

A walk of half an hour carried them to a clearing, at the farther side of which stood the shanty ; with the bright noonday sun shining full upon it, as pleasantly as if it were June and not November.

There was some one sitting on a bench, under a tree before the house.

At the sound of their foot-falls, she slowly turned toward them a pale thoughtful face, on-which there was a look of sadness, but a look so sweetly sad that if her face had been a portrait, and not a living countenance, one would not have wished it other than it was.

It was Jeanie ! and the soft blue eyes were full of a loving light, as she advanced, with heightening colour on her wan thin cheek.

"And sae ye hae cam, Charlie !" and the two little trembling hands were held freely out, while tears came trickling down her cheeks.

'Charlie ! Was music e'er so sweet as that word, 'Charlie ?' Had her reason come again ? 'Charlie !' His eyes quickly scanned her look, and saw that it wore the calm expression of a settled understanding ; while the tone of her voice was the old familiar one he used to love so well at Cambusleigh !

"And the puir dead girl, Charlie ! The puir dead girl !" she said, as they sat together, alone, on the seat under the tree. "They tell me she was lovely, even they wha only saw her sweet dead face ! As for me, it has -' passed awa like the things we see in dreams ! Was she sae lovely, Charlie ?"

"Beautiful exceedingly ; but far above her loveliness was the spirit that was in her, Jeanie. If ever angel walked the earth in human form, that one was Edith Lilburn !"

"Dear, dear lassie! But then she's awa to the tearless land! Awa! awa!"

"An', sae, ye'll wonder how I cam to be in New Brunswick, Charlie?"

"Well, sure enough I do, Jeanie."

"An', weel ye may! Weel ye may! I canna just tell weel mysel; for it's a sae like a dream! But it a' cam about through Burke an' Hare!"

"And who are *they*? Burke and Hare!"

She covered her face with her hands, as if she would repress some terrible picture of the mind, and shuddered.

Ogilbie looked at her anxiously, thinking that all this was some freak of a disordered brain.

After a little while, however, she turned her calm clear eye to his, with an expression so collected that no doubt of her perfect sanity remained upon his mind.

"Burke an' Hare?" she said. "Ah me! ye little ken the things that are done in this strange warld, Charlie! the black deeds! the awfu' crimes! It's bad enough to steal folks' bodies frae the grave, that doctors may be taught to cure, but Burke an' Hare hae *murder* for their *trade*, an' the souls an' bodies o' their victims for their merchandise!"

"Jeanie, dear! can this be true?"

"True? As sure as that Heaven's aboon the earth. My ain eyes hae seen, an' my ain ears hae heard, what wad send the bluid like streams o' ice-cauld water to your heart! an' its a' through Burke, an' Hare, an' the Laird o' Maxwellhaugh, that Jeanie Carmichael's in New Brunswick!"

Charlie looked at her with astonishment, which grew as she went on—

"Ay, a' just through Maxwe'llhaugh. "Ye'll mind the vow I made? Aweel! my father thought we suldna keep the Laird waiting longer for his answer. Ye ken my father, Charlie? Ye ken his temper? An' whan I wadna consent to wed the Laird, awa went his wits wi' passion, like a handfu' o' strae in a conflagration! An',

sae, I just cam awa frae Cambusleigh, an' took the way to Edinbro, an' met wi' ane Maggie M'Tavish, ance in service at Cambusleigh, an', sae, I got inveigled to the den o' Burke an' Hare! I just think I lost my senses; an' a', frae that till the fever cam frae the gude hand o' God, an' restored to me my reason, is as dark as the shades o' midnight!"

"And so you have been ill? Ill here in the shanty?"

"Very, very bad, sae they tell me. An', O, my ain kith an' kin couldna hae watched by my bed wi' gentler hands or kinder hearts! Gude Mistress Macdonald was just like a mither to me! an' ilka man an' laddie o' them a' was like my ain father's bairn!"

Charlie was silent for a few moments; and then he suggested change of air; change of scene; and an immediate removal to Glenriddle.

"Glenriddle? The hame o' puir Edith Lilburn!" Jeanie said, reflectively. "Na, Charlie, na. I just think that whan the dark cloud o' sorrow's there, it's nae place for the face o' a stranger. But my heart's sair, O sae sair! for my ain auld Cambusleigh! An', O, to me there's mair o' health an' sweetness in ae whiff o' the breezes frae the Forth than in a' the winds that blaw o'er braid New Brunswick."

"It's an ugly time of the year to cross the ocean, Jeanie."

"Is the Lord no in the storms of winter as weel as in the simmer zephyr, sae mild an' modest that it's laith to kiss your cheek? I just lang, lang for Cambusleigh! They'll no bid me frae the door. They'll no drive me frae my ain auld hame, for weel I ken that sair, sair has my father mourned the hasty word that sent me frae his threshold!"

"I think you're right, Jeanie."

"I ken I am. But then—but then—an empty pocket winna buy a passage. My heart's awa already, but I fear it will be lang before I see ance mair the hills o' Duddingston!"

"There's no need of *that*, Jeanie. Whenever you wish to set out, I'll take you down, and ship you at St. John."

Jeanie's face shone with joy. Then her eyes filled with tears, her lip quivered, and her face wore a look that told her lover that there were other interests in her kindly heart besides the braes of Duddingston!

When Charlie Ogilbie at length made up his mind to tear himself away from her, so strangely found in the land of the stranger, and so soon to vanish from his sight—as some vision of the night, leaving only a tender memory behind—the sun was near the western horizon; and as the way was long, the night dark, the wood and river not altogether free from danger, he lost no time in setting out for Glenriddle.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHAT CHARLIE LEARNED AT MIDNIGHT.

Night had folded its sable robes on flood and forest ere Charlie Ogilvie reached the shore at Glenriddle.

With a sorely burdened heart he had held his way along the cheerless waters, absorbed by the one subject now present to his mind,—thinking of poor old Lilburn ; of the intelligence of which he was, himself, reluctantly the bearer, and of that last message from the dying girl to her father, written with a hand already almost powerless in the cold shadow of the tomb !

When he reached the house, he went directly to the little parlour—so full of sad and tender memories—where he deemed it most likely that Hazelrig would be found.

Nor was he disappointed. Lilburn was seated in his usual place, where the light from the window could fall directly on his book, by day ; and where, on cold winter nights, he could enjoy the warmest glow from the hearth—Edith's arrangement for the old man's comfort. His elbow rested on a table—on which there was a sheet of paper, whereon he had evidently been writing, with a pen and ink, and his head rested wearily on his hand.

As Charlie entered the room, Lilburn raised his head, and turned slowly towards him, exhibiting a face so wan that it was more like the face of the dead than of a living man ; and then, as slowly, turned away again.

Charlie started at the sight, and hesitated for a moment ; then advanced, laid his hand kindly on the old man's arm, and addressed him with a tone that would have become a son rather than one so recently a stranger.

There was no reply. His head had drooped, till his

chin rested on his chest, and the words seemed to have fallen on a regardless ear.

It was terrible to look on grief so deep, grief that had apparently shut out from recognition all besides the one object of his regard !

Once more the low soft voice broke the stillness of the chamber—"I have news of Edith, sir."

Lilburn turned quickly round, and, with trembling hand, grasped Ogilbie's arm, while he looked into his face with an expression of intense and pitiable inquiry. Then his hand relaxed its hold, his eyes grew dim, and he sank back into his chair, with a low, heart-broken wail,—
"dead, dead !"

"Gone a little while before us, sir," said Charlie, tenderly. "She sent you this message, Mr. Lilburn."

And he placed in Hazelrig's hand the scrap of paper on which Edith had written with her death-cold fingers.

Hazelrig looked up into his face as if he failed to comprehend what had been said to him, for he had been stunned by this realization of his fears.

"It is a message from Edith, sir," Charlie said again.

As if suddenly awaking, the old man eagerly held up the paper before his eyes, with hands that shook so much that he found it necessary to rest his elbows on the table; and then he read, but with difficulty, so illegible was the writing—"O, my father, sorrow not for me. The grave has now no terror; death has lost its sting. I go to lie where my Lord hath lain; and Jesus liveth who was dead !"

The wan face flushed; and, dropping forward till his grey hair rested on the table, Hazelrig Lilburn burst into tears.

Quietly withdrawing from the room, Charlie left the sufferer alone with that message from his dead.

About an hour afterwards, he was summoned to the parlour.

Lilburn was walking to and fro, as he often did when

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reflecting on any subject which interested him deeply. His look had altered greatly since Charlie saw him last. The woe-begone expression had departed, and in its place there was a serenity that approached to rapture. His eyes shone with a radiance that spoke of some wondrous change in his discernment of the situation. And he walked with the firm step and erect carriage habitual to him.

In his hand he held the paper containing Edith's last words, on which he had evidently been pondering.

He motioned to Charlie to take a chair; and then turned round, as if he were about to address him, when he suddenly put out his hand, as when one seeks support; reeled, and fell prostrate on the floor.

In an instant Charlie Ogilbie was on his knees beside him. Raising his head, he looked anxiously into his face—to find that Hazelrig Lilburn was dead!

It was the dead of night, and the deep hush of death lay upon Glenriddle. People spoke in whispers, for all felt the reverence we feel where death has taken up his reign!

Charlie sat alone in the parlour, reading a document—to which we have already referred—which had been found on the table, and had, evidently, been intended for himself.

It was as follows:—"Deeming that my hours are numbered, I wish to leave behind me what I am about to write, for my dear friend, Charles Ogilbie. I may live a little longer than I anticipate, but I desire to make timely provision for the proper transaction of affairs of no common moment.

"When I have been taken to my fathers, it is my wish that you, Charles Ogilbie, search among my papers for my will; and also for another document, in which you will find a full account of my singular life. To *you* I commit the discharge of a trust, which I leave with you in the hope that you will do me this great kindness.

But I know you will. The hope I have reposed in you will not be disappointed.

"Lay my ashes under the tree, at the spot where we used to sit, my Edith and I, on the green knoll beside the river.

"May blessings rest on *you*, for your kindness to me and mine.

"Signed, as you have always known me,
"HAZELRIG LILBURN."

And so they laid him down by the bank of the St. John, with no sculptured slab to mark his resting-place; but where, as spring comes round, green with the promise of the year, it brings perennial suggestions of the resurrection of the dead!

CHAPTER XXIII.

STRANGE REVELATIONS — GOOD FORTUNE FOR CHARLIE OGILBIE.

One night, a fortnight after the events related in the preceding chapter, the good old housekeeper sat, with Sambo, before the fire in the kitchen at Glenriddle. The pine-logs on the hearth shed a cheerful glow around the room, and raised the temperature to a degree which was not in the least objectionable, while the mercury at the door announced that old king frost was in the forest with the sharp spears of a New Brunswick winter bristling in his train.

Sambo sat with his hands spread out before the fire, toasting his palms, and showing in his dusky face all the tokens of unbounded satisfaction.

"No believe in ghosts?" he said, continuing the conversation, and throwing a look over his shoulder, as if he expected to see a veritable goblin at his elbow.

"You're just a vorrit," said the old lady, smiling good-humouredly, while she adjusted her spectacles to lift a dropped stitch in her knitting.

"Yah, yah, yah," laughed Sambo.

"Nebber see such a spruce ole gal! Dis darkie nebber pop him nose above de blankets but him see sometink. Hey, ho! what dat?" And as he spoke he started to his feet, and stood staring in the direction of the door.

"Don't be foolish, Sambo."

"No fool, nebber fear. Ho, ho! lock thar—r!" And he began to shake, while his eyes opened wider, and his chin fell with dismay. "Look tha-ar!"

As he spoke, a tall figure, white as the driven snow, noiselessly entered the room; and, to the poor fellow's dismay, strode towards the hearth. Then, with cruel hand, the apparition put back the white garment that

concealed his face, and revealed to view the features of—Charlie Ogilbie.

"Yah, yah, yah," roared the now delighted Sambo. "Nebber see sich rum ole hoss! Snap him finger at de ghost! Dis chile—"

"Had better use his fingers on the horses in the sleigh," said Charlie, laughing heartily at the strange freaks of the negro, as he danced about the floor, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yah, yah, Massah Charlie. Mind ole hoss, nebber fear. Dis chile jump for joy, 'cause Massah Charlie no stay down de river at St. John!"

And, so saying, he capered off to unyoke the horses from the sleigh.

Meanwhile, the good old lady was silently giving expression to her feelings by lighting lamps, and heaping fuel on the fires, till Glenriddle glowed with such a welcome as might well have warmed a colder heart than Charlie Ogilbie's.

For the moment, while he sat before the roaring fire, and looked around on the beaming faces that bade him welcome back to Glenriddle, he half forgot the painful thoughts which had occupied him as he approached the place around which clung so many mournful memories.

It was the witching hour of night, and Charlie sat alone in the parlour, reading again, with deepening interest, the narrative that Lilburn had left of his strange career. And thus it ran:

"To write the following account of my sad and remarkable life, I am impelled by a sense of the duty I owe to others, with whose life mine has been involved, and also to myself. Otherwise, I should prefer to carry all I have to say, with the memory of my sorrows, down to the dark oblivion of the grave.

"I have passed in New Brunswick as Hazelrig Lilburn; but my real name is Charteris Dundas.

"I am a scion of one of the oldest and most honourable houses in my native shire, in Scotland. Being a

younger son of a family whose estates were strictly entailed, my patrimony was small; but enough to induce a foolish lad to forego the opportunities I had, in abundance, to follow a professional career, or win my way in commerce. I had been educated at the University of Edinburgh, but I thoughtlessly preferred the fowling-piece and the fishing-rod to the brief of the barrister, or the ledger of the merchant. That I committed a serious crime in choosing a life so frivolous, instead of one of usefulness and advantage, I have learned by long and bitter experience; but, alas! how often the stern lesson of experience has been learned too late to rectify the evil done!

"In point of character little could be alleged against me, except this disposition to a too easy life. No one could charge me with anything dishonourable or mean. My nature was open; my disposition generous; and, with two exceptions, I had not an enemy in —shire.

"It happened that the factor of my brother's estate—one Dinmont Hepburn—was one of the two to whom I have just referred. He was a man of subtle and sinister nature, ungenial, morose, prone to intense antipathies. He had been in my father's employment, and so he had known me from my childhood. As I grew in years I grew in knowledge of the evil traits in this man's character,—to which, singular as it may appear, my father and my brother were blind. I suppose I must have shown my feelings, which were far from friendly to him, in my look and demeanour, for he regarded me, as I could discern, with ever deepening hostility, and at length he ceased to disguise his enmity toward me; emboldened, I presume, by a dispute that had arisen between me and my elder brother, about a cottage which I held upon the estate.

"I had reason to believe that the dispute in question was aggravated by that man's suggestions. My brother's nature was suspicious. He was easily irritated; prone to follow, with little reflection, the suggestions of any one who possessed his ear at the moment.

"At all this I felt indignant; indignant rather than resentful, for a disposition to revenge was not, assuredly, one of my besetting sins. In this frame of mind, I took no pains to hide my feelings regarding Dinmont Hepburn; and every one was well aware of the variance between us.

"There was one to whom this state of matters was a source of ceaseless unhappiness; and this was my fair young wife, a gentle soul, who, in an evil hour for herself, had joined her destiny with mine. She never ceased to fear that a disastrous result would come, for she knew that my fiery temper could ill brook the provocation I was constantly receiving from Hepburn.

This man was factor for the estate of two old maiden ladies, distant relations of my wife. Here, again, I was brought into contact with my foe, for, as I was a favourite with the Misses Carstairs, and as they had much dependence on my judgment, and on my 'honesty, and lang Scottish head,' as they often remarked, they used frequently to consult me about their affairs; and sometimes took my advice in preference to Hepburn's.

"The other person with whom I was at variance was Gilbert Hepburn, nephew to Dinmont. As to Gilbert's character it is enough to say that he was just ditto of his uncle.

"One night in the middle of September, I was coming home from the market town of——. The harvest moon was near the full, and the road, which I traversed on foot, was almost as clearly visible as in the light of day. I had reached a place where the road went down into a deep and wooded glen, and crossed by a narrow bridge a brawling mountain torrent. Just as I came within sight of the bridge, I noticed some one resting against the parapet; and on drawing nearer I saw that it was Dinmont Hepburn.

"It was unusual to see him abroad on foot, but I assumed that he had been to one or other of the several estates of which he had the management, and that

he was waiting there for Gilbert, whom I had seen in town.

"The moon was shining full upon his face, and I could see his features clearly; his look so full of malice that it seemed absolutely diabolical. With one hand he leant upon a walking-stick; and in the other he held a strap, from which depended a leathern bag, scarcely so large as a game-bag.

"There was something in the expression of his face peculiarly offensive; and I suppose he saw that I replied to it with a look equally expressive of the disdain with which I regarded him, for, without a word on my part, he stepped deliberately forward, and coolly spat in my face; following up the action with observations more expressive than agreeable.

"My temper was, as I have already said, always ready, alas! too ready, to kindle with provocation; sometimes becoming, for want of having acquired a habit of self-restraint, quick as a flash of lightning.

"In an instant I had him by the throat.

"He struck me on the face with the bag, heavy enough to inflict a very stunning blow.

"Immediately recovering, I snatched it from his grasp, as he swung it for another blow; and, tightening my fingers on his throat, I shook him as a dog shakes a rat, grinding my teeth with fury, while fiery gleams shot around me; and then I flung him away from me, with all my might.

"Reeling backward, his foot struck against a pile of stones, he fell against the parapet, and then upon the ground, his head bending under him.

"With a sudden change from overmastering passion to dismay, I stood looking on the man whom I had so lately assailed so furiously, but whom I would then have given worlds to see upon his feet again, for a terrible apprehension had taken possession of me that I had killed him. Trembling, I raised him in my arms, and saw, with horror, that his head felt as that of one from

whom life had fled ! I called him by his name. I unfastened his cravat. I felt at his wrist for the beating of the pulse. I listened, with my ear pressed upon his chest, for the beating of his heart ; but, alas ! alas ! neither pulse beat nor heart throbbed, for Dinmont Hepburn was a corpse !

" And, then, I felt myself a murderer ! A murderer ! The blood seemed to freeze within my veins. I shook and shivered. Loathed myself ; and, in the frenzy of despair, I made up my mind that I would surrender myself to justice.

" For some time I stood beside the corpse, almost mad with agony. From this terrible abandonment to despair I was recalled by the sound of a vehicle approaching rapidly ; and it flashed on my mind that it was Gilbert Hepburn. I remembered, too, this man's intense hostility to myself. I thought of how he would exult if he should detect me in circumstances from which he could accuse me as a murderer. Instantly the instinct of self-preservation revived. I thought no longer of surrendering, but of effecting my escape.

" There was no time to lose, so I vaulted over the parapet of the bridge ; and, finding a resting-place on the top of an abutment, I lay listening, while the vehicle came on apace.

" I was not mistaken, it was Gilbert Hepburn ; for I recognized his voice in the cry of horror that escaped from him when he found his lifeless uncle.

" But what was my dismay when I heard him coupling my own name with the atrocious deed !

" In an instant, however, cast down though I was, my blood boiled with indignation, for I deemed that it was merely on suspicion that he had the audacity to charge me with the villainy of murder. In an instant my hand was on the parapet, for I was about to spring out upon the road, and dare him to do his worst ; but something held me back. The next moment I saw the utter folly of an act which would only have precipitated my destruc-

tion ; and I have lived to learn that it was from a pocket-book, which had fallen out of my pocket during the encounter, that he discovered my connection with his uncle's death.

" My whole mind was now turned to devising a way to escape the vengeance which I knew well Gilbert would lose no time in wreaking on my head ; and as soon as I heard him drive away, taking the body with him, I hastened away across the mountains, by a path by which I could reach my home before Gilbert Hepburn could take the steps necessary to have me arrested.

" With misery in my look, I entered the room where sat my gentle wife ; in whose face I read, all too clearly, the horror and astonishment with which she regarded me. There was, however, no time to waste in softening my terrible revelation of that fearful blight upon our home, so I told her plainly, but briefly, what had happened, relying on her discernment, and clear, strong understanding, to catch at once all the salient points of the situation. Nor was I disappointed. She saw at once—what I had at length myself discovered—that my offence was *homicide*, not a *murder* ; but she saw, as well, that, without *proof* of this, there was only too much reason to apprehend that the darker crime would be laid to my charge.

" Our plans were soon arranged. And before an hour had passed I was off on my way to Glasgow.

" At that port I found a vessel about to sail to New York. In that ship I took a passage ; and was soon sailing down the Clyde, bound for new lands beyond the sea, with many an old-world memory gnawing at my heart.

" As near as possible to the time we had arranged, my wife took ship ; and after a tedious passage joined me at New York.

" Thence we came to New Brunswick ; and settled in this place ; to which we gave the name of Glenriddle—changing our own name to Lilburn.

"Fortunately, Edith, my wife, had not left Scotland with an empty purse. She had a small fortune in her own right, completely under her own control; and this she had called in, and carried with her into her exile. It was only a few hundred pounds, but, at the high rate of interest obtainable in New Brunswick, it was sufficient, with the advantages derivable from the land we had acquired, to provide for all our wants. As for my own small patrimony, of course I must needs abandon it; for I dared not claim it, from my living grave in the lone New Brunswick forest.

"Now, a circumstance had taken place which has ever since been to me the cause of more acute regret, a hundred times, than the loss of my patrimony,—I had carried away with me the bag I had wrested from Dinmont Hepburn; having slung it over my shoulder, inadvertently, in my excitement; and in my headlong flight, I had not discovered it till I was afloat on my way to America. In that bag I found more than twelve hundred pounds, sterling; collected by Hepburn from the tenants on one or other of the states of which he was the factor.

"Terrible was the anguish I underwent when all the consequences of this unfortunate occurrence forced themselves on my apprehension. It was impossible that I should be regarded as other than a thief. Men would brand me as a bandit; as a miscreant who to vengeance on my adversary had added the crime of the highwayman. Darker and darker grew my fate; and language fails me to convey an adequate idea of the mental torture I endured. My heart grew hard; my temper fierce. I felt a savage hatred against the human race; and I drove away from about Glenriddle almost every human being who approached it.

"To Edith—my poor suffering Edith—all this was anguish. Daily I saw the ravages sorrow made in her constitution. Her cheek grew pale; her eyes sunken; and I knew that she was destined soon to sink in sorrow to the grave!

"Often I made up my mind to return to Scotland, and brave the worst, but as often Edith's importunate persuasion held me back.

"When we had been in New Brunswick about a year, our daughter, Edith, was born. What anguish filled my heart! The sweet smiles of infancy, which should have filled me with delight, only aroused within me an agony of remorse, while I thought of this dear young life destined to know no other sphere than the forests of New Brunswick!

"And soon the stroke I expected came; and Edith slept, where you have seen the little mound within the inclosure, down beside the river.

"Our child was now my only care; and it has been my love for Edith that has restrained me from the confession of my offences—a thousand times avenged already by the depth of my misfortunes!

"As years went on, and my affection for my daughter deepened, as the charms of her lovely nature were unfolded, the misery of my lot grew more and more embittered. Destined to pass her life in the New Brunswick wilds! Doomed to a hopeless exile by her father's crimes! Doomed to bear a name that was not the designation of her fathers! Nor ever to know the race from which her father sprung! This was misery indeed!

"Not on my own account, alone, did I shrink from the haunts of men, and keep my fatal secrets in my breast. I trembled lest discovery should blight the only life I loved on earth! This was my misery by day, and made my dreams a hell at night!

"But now my darling Edith is at rest; I know that my own days are numbered; and I leave behind me this confession, too long delayed, with instructions as to my affairs, that none may suffer further wrong by the carrying of my secrets to the grave.

"To you, Charles Ogilbie, I commit the trust of the twelve hundred pounds I found in Hepburn's bag. Search till you find the rightful owners; and, when restoring

this long-lost money, tell them Charteris Dundas was not a murderer; and *prove* to them that he was not a thief!

"You will find among my papers documents which will show you in what securities I have kept the money safe, with every farthing of the interest, as it annually accrued—not a fraction was ever taken for my own behoof.

"In the same bundle you will find my will, giving you authority to act as I desire.

"You may wonder why I repose this confidence in *you*.—I, the misanthrope! I, the hater of my race, and especially of those who come from the land where men have branded my name with infamy—I will tell you.

"Besides the gratitude I owe you for the life of my darling Edith, an apprehension of your character broke through the wall of prejudice which I thought had shut the claims of our common humanity out from my heart forever! At the moment when I first saw your face, my heart was softening under other influences. I had noticed my child's character unfolding lovely as if she were a being from the skies, and so my own heart was touched; for often the Eternal dealeth in mysterious ways! While this was so, the same mysterious Providence sent you to Glenriddle. With eyes from which the scales of prejudice were falling, I read your nature; I saw that you were honest; gifted with wisdom not often found at your time of life; above the mean sordid instincts of the great mass of those from whom I had taken my opinion of humanity.

"You were the sort of man I wanted. I knew I could trust you with my secret—with my life. Hence, I induced you to remain at Glenriddle; for I had made up my mind to restore, at once, through you, to its rightful owners, the money I had too long retained.

"I have said that my days are numbered. The hour draws near. When you have laid me in the grave, convey to my native land, with the money with which I

entrust you, enough of this confession to lighten, at least, the shadow that lies so deep on the memory of Charteris Dundas."

Far into the night Charlie Ogilbie sat in the little parlour, thinking about the vicissitudes of that strange life, and about the trust reposed in him. He had already, while in St. John, placed the will, and the affairs of the deceased, which were now his own, in the hands of a lawyer; for he had determined to lose no time in fulfilling the desire, and vindicating the character of his friend. He was now, by Charteris' will, owner of Glenriddle, with the fortune that had once belonged to the first Edith Dundas; and gratitude alone, had no other motive influenced him, would have held him true to the obligation committed to his charge.

When he had laid his head upon his pillow, and was sinking peacefully into sleep, the words of poor Charteris Dundas kept sounding, as an echo, in his inner life, as strangely applicable to himself—"The Eternal often dealeth in mysterious ways!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE FROM CAMBUSLEIGH.

Years have rolled away—three uneventful years to Charlie Ogilbie ; but a time of ceaseless toil in the woods and clearings of Glenriddle.

The trust reposed in him by Charteris Dundas had been executed long ago ; and nothing possible to him to accomplish towards clearing away the cloud which lay so deeply on the character of that ill-fated gentleman had been left undone.

A marked improvement was noticeable at Glenriddle. Forest had been changed into fields waving, in the warm beams of the sun of summer, with luxuriant grain, or green as emerald with the luxuriant pasture of New Brunswick. The grim old stumps were there, but time would clear them out, as it usually wears away most of the ills that trouble us in life, leaving with us only a softening memory of what was once so bitter, and seemed as if it had come to stay ! Down beside the river, saw-mills sang the requiem of the levelled giants of the wilds, and tokens were abundant that a clear head, and enterprising spirit, shaped the fortunes of Glenriddle.

We notice, too, well-known faces among old familiar scenes. Sambo's merry yah, yah, yah, comes pleasantly to the ear, from the field where he presses on his team, zealous for the welfare of his old companion in the woods. And there, too, is Murty, light of heart as if he trod the Shamrock beside the soft-flowing Shannon. Most of the hands that swung the axe under the amiable Driver work for Charlie now, and find themselves, in the graphic words of Mr. O'Gorman, " as nate and hearty as the sons av Irish Kings." The snugest corner in Glenriddle is appropriated to the good old lady—not, indeed,

forgotten in Charteris' will—whose love for those who once were there was little warmer than is her affection for the generous-hearted Charlie.

But all the while, Charlie's ceaseless dream was of old days at Cambusleigh. With all his speculations for the future mingled hopes, which the very fervour of his affection taught him to dread were all too surely doomed to disappointment.

It was Jeanie! always Jeanie! For *her* the plough-share turned the furrow, and the axe made havoc in the forest. Her smile was in the sunshine that wooed the corn-blade from the sod. There were maidens on the banks of the St. John with witchery enough in their sunny smiles to touch a far more callous heart than Charlie's, but for him there was only Jeanie!

To this infatuated swain there was nothing so delightful, in his exile, as a letter from Jeanie Carmichael. Of such he had had not a few; artless unfoldings of her own ingenuous nature, blended with the shades and sunshine of her quiet life at Cambusleigh.

But a time came when she seemed to have forgotten him. For many months never a letter had reached Glenriddle; and Charlie was in anguish sore! If he had been told that the continent of which he was an inhabitant was in danger of submersion he could have heard the intelligence with comparative composure. If the British Empire had been threatened with disruption he could have survived the catastrophe. But no letter from Cambusleigh! What was the wreck of empires, or the doom of worlds to *that*?

Charlie was disconsolate. The affair was inexplicable. He had no apprehension that another interview with Messrs. Burke and Hare had stolen away her wits again, for those estimable citizens no longer devoted their talents to the advancement of science in the Scottish capital, a tyrannical law having consigned the Hibernian to the gallows; while Hare, having achieved the crowning glory of his career by betraying his associate, thus escaping acquaintance with the hangman, had retired

into seclusion beyond the seas. What, then, could be the reason of that persistent silence?

At length a letter from Cambusleigh did reach Glen-riddle! a letter with superscription in the well-known hand of Jeanie Carmichael!

Ah, me! how Charlie's heart did leap! The clouds rolled off; the sun came out; the birds began to sing; the wavelets on the river clapped their hands and sang; there was jubilation in the woods; and Charlie slipped away into the nearest thicket, where nothing more inquisitive than a squirrel would be witness of his raptures!

With trembling hand he broke the seal.

"My dear Mr. Ogilbie——"

The clouds began to come again, and the sun was not so bright! It used to be "*My ain dear Charlie!*"

"My dear Mr. Ogilbie.

"Months hae slippit awa since we hae had news frae New Brunswick; and what to think I dinna ken. Ye wadna hae forgotten! It's no like Charlie Ogilbie to forget Au'd Lang Syne! As weeks ran into months I just thought my heart wad break; and that the joy o' life was clean gone for ever! Sometimes an awfu' fear cam' ower me, that ye might be called awa to the ither side o' Jordan—the far-off land! Sometimes I thought that may be—but I winna say *what*, for, if ye be happy and contentit, why should Jeanie Carmichael let sae muckle as the shadow o' her pen fa' across your happiness?

"I just write this to say that I hope you're weel; and that, in a' relations in life, you shall ne'er want them that will wish you weel at Duddingston.

"Besides, I hae a strange thing to tell ye—ye winna guess what!

"Will ye credit that, after a', the line o' the Carmichaels is to be graffit on to the auld stock o' Maxwell-haugh? Ye may weel lift your hands in astonishment! Ye may weel marvel at the vagaries o' mortals! But I winna gae on commenting on a subject that, however lightly *you* may now regard it, I, for my part, canna

just yet contemplate wi' unmingled satisfaction. It's just a consummation that I didna think I could ever hae regarded wi' the least approach to complacency.

"About ane thing I *am* rejoiced, and that's because my dear auld father is, at last, sae weel contentit. Ye see, he had set his heart on an union wi' Maxwellhaugh. That twa thousand pounds hae lain sae sair upon his mind! It's waefu', waefu', whan the heart has set itsel sae keen on siller; and a' ane's happiness is placed on dross! although money, in its place, is no just despisable! and ye'll no' gae far till ye find the want o't! And, sae, the puir auld man looks wi' special favour on the contemplatit union wi' the Laird.

"But ye'll just be weary wi' a' these family affairs; only I thought I wad let ye ken what's to the fore at Duddingston. And wha has a better right than *you* to be ane o' the first to be informit?

"And, sae, I shall conclude wi' sending ye the best wishes o' a' at Cambusleigh. Come what may, I winna forget a' the kindness I receivit in far-awa New Brunswick! I'll lea ye to guess the ins and outs o' that affair about Maxwellhaugh. And subscribe mysel, as ever, your auld frien' and weel-wisher.

JEANIE CARMICHAEL."

Charlie's sun had gone down at noon; and he crept about Glenriddle as one whose life had been blighted at a stroke.

With this darkening of his prospects, this crushing blow upon the one sweet promise of his life, the repulsion he had always felt from the life of an exile, the dislike to the land of his adoption, which the expatriated so often feel till time has brought its cure, grew upon him daily, for he cared little now for all the lands of Glenriddle.

In these circumstances, his thoughts turned' strongly to his old Antrim home. He longed to see its sea-swept shores once more. And, so, arranging affairs at Glenriddle, under the supervision of Murty O'Gorman and Sambo, he set out to St. John on his way to Ireland.

CONCLUSION.

ON THE SLOPES OF ARTHUR'S SEAT.

With all her fore-and-aft-sails set, the good ship, Mayflower, beat up the Scottish coast on her way to Leith. The run across the Atlantic had been prosperous, winds fair, Neptune in the best of humours, and if the ship had been bound for Belfast instead of the Firth of Forth all would have been serene with Charlie Ogilbie, except, alas! that affair about Jeanie! Still he was bound for home, and that was worth the risk of a tussle with the sea!

With not a little satisfaction, our voyager exchanged the cabin of the Mayflower for the comfortable accommodation afforded by the Inverary Castle, Nicholson street, Edinburgh. There was something in the old-world aspect of the place that made you feel at home; while its worthy landlord, Mr. Allan McAndless, was the very beau-ideal of mine host. As an advertisement of the Inverary Castle, the most adroit combination of the English tongue would have been as nothing in comparison with the genial face of Mr. McAndless. Bland, polite and beaming, with a laugh that rang as merrily as a strathspey among his native glens, Allan was just the man to render the Inverary Castle a formidable rival to the more flashy establishments in the more modern part of the city.

In the coffee-room of this delectable retreat, Mr. Charlie Ogilbie stood at the window, looking out at the traffic that rolled along the street, presenting a strange new aspect after the solitude he had left.

"Grand place, Auld Reekie!" said some one at his elbow. Turning about, Charlie saw that the speaker was mine host.

"A stirring place, and improving fast, as one may judge from the way the New Town spreads" said Charlie.

"Ou, ay. But it's a' accordin' to the way ye look at it. For mysel' I wadna gie a whistle for their newfangled notions. They're no contentit wi' the gude auld closes o' the Canongate, where better folk than they lived in comfort, an' gied awa to —— someplace, whan their time cam'; an' they think o' naething now but fashion an' frivolity! Ye'll be new to Edinburgh, I'se warrant?"

"Not just new, but newly arrived from New Brunswick."

"Gude save us! They say it's snaw, in them parts, ten months out o' the year; an' as for the ither twa, ye might as weel be in a fryin' pan!"

"The attractions of New Brunswick lose nothing in the painting of them!" Charlie answered, laughing.

"I wadna doubt it," returned Mr. McAndless.

"An the deil be, as they say, the muckle parent o' lees and fabrications, he'll no come short for progeny! Ye'll no ken muckle about Edinburgh, I'se warrant?"

"Enough to know that it's a place as remarkable for the beauty of its situation as for its old associations."

"Ye may weel say that. Tak' your stand up beside auld Mons Meg, wi' naething aboon ye but the heavens, an' the warld at your feet, an' ye may snap your fingers in the face o' humanity. Show me the toon wi' a back bane like Arthur's Seat! Lunnon has the auld reekin' puddle they ca' the Thames; but *we* hae the Firth o' Forth! An' cast your eye awa at the hills o' Fyfe; an' at Corstorphine, at your elbow; an' the braid face o' fair Midlothian; no to speak o' the Pentlands, and roun' by the way of Duddingston! They'll rin awa to Kamtchatka, or some ither far awa place, to fin' something to glower at, an' winna come whaur they'll hae as gude, wi' gude house-room an' halesome diet."

Charlie's heart beat faster when Duddingston was

mentioned, and the colour deepened on his cheek; but Mr. McAndless went on, unconscious that his words had any special interest to his guest—

“Ay, ay, it’s a’ very weel! it’s a’ very weel! but I’m a *practical* mon, Mr. Ogilbie, a practical mon! and ye’ll no bring in the siller by glowerin’ at the view! What wi’ mindin’ the Inverary Castle, an’ keepin’ my eye on a wee bit farm I hae, doon the way o’ Duddingston, I hae little time to spend on the beauties o’ auld Reekie! Ye’ll no fill the pot by starin’ ower the fence into your neighbour’s kale garden, nor boil it wi’ the memories o’ auld lang syne! And, sae, I’m a practical mon; wi’ bairns to start on their way through the warld—Jock for the Inverary Castle; Airchy for the Kirk; Donald for the curin’ trade, if he wants the craft that wad fit him for the law; and Allan for the wee bit land, at Duddingston. It’s no just co-extensive wi’ the Barony, but it’s no to be despisit. Far frae *that*! And, between oursels, whan Cambusleigh’s in the market, he’ll need to hae a lang purse that snaps it awa frae Allan McAndless! I’m no afraid that Maxwellhaugh will fash his head wi’t.”

“And this Maxwellhaugh—!”

“Ou, ay, the Laird o’ Maxwellhaugh. An unsigned body, wi’ a heart as narrow as the edge o’ farthin’! an’ a face as frosty as the thick o’ winter! It wad cool the broth in midsimmer! He, he, he, she’ll no be burdened wi’ the height o’ the fashion on her back that has linked hersel’ wi’ Johnny! If she had plain fare at Cambusleigh she’ll hae waur on the ither side o’ the auld march dyke, or my name’s no Allan M’Andless.”

“But I maun awa. There’s the Laird o’ Dingledene—just the antipodes o’ Maxwellhaugh! A man wi’ a fu’ purse, an’ the grace to spend his siller, is no the sort to lea’ standin’ at the threshold, wi’ nae mair respect than if he was some unsigned body frae the Cowgate, or the Sautmarket!”

Charlie had heard enough to throw a very clear light on Jeanie’s somewhat obscure epistle. There could be

no doubt, whatever, that the interests of Cambusleigh and Maxwellhaugh were one !

Mr. Ogilbie felt stunned—for, although he had anticipated no more agreeable intelligence of affairs at Cambusleigh, this sudden confirmation of the accuracy of his interpretation of Jeanie's letter threw him painfully off his balance.

Wishing to be alone with his reflections, he left the Inn, and took his way with an abstracted air, along the crowded street, for where is one so completely alone as in the midst of teeming humanity, where every face is strange, and none regards you with more lively sympathy than if you were a shadow flitting on the pavement ?

Taking the way of the Canongate, he soon found himself on the eastern base of Arthur's Seat ; on a road which would carry him in the direction of Duddingston.

It was not, however, by design that he was there, but merely by the force of old association, acting on a mind too much absorbed by painful cogitations to take heed of whither his wandering steps might lead him.

Sitting down on a stone, a little off the public thoroughfare, he continued his reflections, indifferent to the beauty of the scenery around him. What to him was Edinburgh now, with all its romantic beauty, and its teeming memories of the past ? The present and the future absorbed him. Like Mr. McAndless, he looked at the practical side of things, while that gentleman's remark,—“ It's a grand place, Auld Reekie ! ” suggested a comparison of the *advantages* of a life spent in such a sphere, with the *drawbacks* of existence in the wilderness ! What wonder, therefore, that Jeanie had preferred the snug old house at Maxwellhaugh to the clearings at Glenriddle ? Of course there was her vow, never to match with the Laird ; but, while he admitted no such obligation, from his own point of view, he assumed that her sense of filial duty had overborne her sense of obligation, under a vow which was only the expression of a rash resolution.

Then, who was *he*, with his rude pioneer life, and his home in the forest, that he should expect her to abandon all the amenities of old-world life, the happiness of living in a land rich with the accumulated advantages of ages, for a home on the very outskirts of civilized humanity?

He shoved his hat back on his forehead, raised his head, and looked around him, with the irritation consequent on a very unpleasant recognition of the disadvantages of his position.

Some one was coming along the road, to whom Charlie's attention was drawn, notwithstanding his indifference to all else around him. There was something in the walk, and in the figure, that kept his eyes on her movements, as she came slowly up the road. She was attired in deep mourning; mourning so deep as to indicate a recent and severe bereavement.

Who had been called away?—for in that crape-clad lady he had recognized Jeanie Carmichael!

Slowly and thoughtfully she held on her way to Cambusleigh, evidently unconscious of his presence.

Just as she came opposite to where he stood, eager, yet reluctant, to approach her, she started, as if some sudden influence had seized her, paused, looked around her inquiringly; and then their eyes met!

The colour fled from Jeanie's cheek; and it was evident that she trembled. But rallying, while the blood rushed back to cheek and forehead, and the soft light came into her eyes again, she advanced toward him.

"O, Charlie, Charlie!"

"Ay, Jeanie, here I am!"

And with hands all tightly clasped, they gazed into each other's eyes, with a strange, anxious, inquiring scrutiny.

"And so you are in mourning, Jeanie?" he said, at length, in a low, broken voice.

"Alas! ay, Charlie. My puir auld father's gane awa! Twa months syne we laid him in the auld kirk-yard at

Duddingston ! And, O, it's lanely now at Cambusleigh !”

“ For my old friend, Miss Margery !”

“ Na, na, my aunt's wi' the Laird at Maxwellhaugh.”

“ At Maxwellhaugh ! And the Laird——”

“ Is just his ain auld sel, wi' a' his ancient qualities, gude and bad, naething the better for keepin' ! Didna I tell ye what was coming ? It was just sae droll to see him turning to my aunt ; an' my puir foolish auntie trying to persuade the parish that they didna ken their blessing to hae Maxwellhaugh amang them !”

And the sweet eyes shone with the merry light of other days.

In an instant Charlie's arms were around her—his own old Jeanie !

And the blushing face lay nestling on his bosom !

It was the lifting of the clouds, the rolling away of the starless night ! In the light of the morning sun all was growing clear ! Birds were singing merrily. The drooping flowers held up their heads, and poured their fragrance all around. As dreams that vanish with the light, misapprehensions cleared away !

There are times in these strange lives of ours when circumstances hedge us so about that we seem no longer masters of our going. Hard lines environ us, impossible to break. What we would we cannot do ; and what we would not, that we must !

There are times when perplexity overwhelms us, and we walk in darkness, as they who wander in the lonely night.

And times there are when the path before our willing feet is marked and smooth. And so it was, in those happy days, with Charlie Ogilbie.

There was nothing now to hinder the consummation of his hopes.

One bright autumn morning, such as one of those when Charlie led the harvest-men at Cambusleigh, a happy group assembled in the drawing-room at Maxwellhaugh. The Laird had on his best,—pawky, thrifty

uncle Johnny—and Margery appeared in finery that might well have occasioned Mr. Allan McAndless to moderate his opinions about affairs at Maxwellhaugh. All the guests had come in festive garb and the minister of the parish appeared in his gown and bands, as if he meant to do especial honour to the occasion.

There were smiles, and nods, and pleasant little flights of fancy, and a tone of general rejoicing. Then all was hushed, and only one voice was heard—and when that voice was still, Jeanie Carmichael was Jeanie Ogilbie.

When the good old lady, whom we have introduced as relating the incidents of which we have woven our story, had concluded her narrative, a peculiar expression shone in her clear blue eyes, and a sweet but almost melancholy smile played on her still handsome face. She pointed to a tree, down beside the river.

"There" she said, "is the old oak tree, where sleeps all that is earthly o' Charteris Dundas. In the Kirk yard, on the hill above, lie the ashes o' my ain dear Charlie. And I, once, was Jeanie Carmichael. Sons we had, and daughters. Some hae heard the summons to the land sae far awa ! and some abide, to lay, I trust, my ashes wi' the dust I loe sae weel !"

THE END.

Extract from Mr. Sidney Dickinson's letter to the *Boston Journal*, descriptive of a trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway from Vancouver, B C., to Montreal.

The impression that is made upon the traveller by a journey over this road is, at first, one of stupefaction, of confusion, out of which emerge slowly the most evident details. If one can find any fault with the trip, it must be upon the score of its excess of wonders. There is enough of scenery and grandeur along the line of the Canadian Pacific to make a dozen roads remarkable; after it is seen, the experiences of other journeys are quite forgotten. The road is attracting large numbers of tourists, and will attract more as its fame becomes more widely known; it is, undoubtedly, the most remarkable of all the products of this present age of iron. I have crossed the continent three times and should have some criterion for the judgment, and may say that whether we look to Ontario and Manitoba for richness of soil and peaceful and prosperous homes of men; to Lake Superior for ruggedness of shore, beauty of expanse of water, or wealth of mine and quarry; to Assiniboia and Alberta for impressive stretch of prairie and wild life of man, bird and beast, or to the Rocky, Selkirk and Cascade Mountains for sublimity and awfulness of precipice, peak and crag—we shall find them all as they nowhere else exist, even in America, the land of all lands for natural resources and wonders. No more delightful trip can be imagined than that by the Canadian Pacific Railway during the months of summer. For ourselves, until near Montreal, we found neither heat nor dust, and arrived at our journey's end with little feeling of fatigue. One point is especially worthy of remark—indeed, two, but one above all the rest. That is, the superior methods of provisioning the line, a thing in marked contrast to some roads which I could mention, where travellers are sure to be fed irregularly and wretchedly at the eating houses by the way, and, in consequence of delays, often are unable to secure any provision at all for eight or ten hours. The Canadian Pacific runs dining cars over all its line, except through the mountains, and there well managed hotels furnish a most excellent meal and at a moderate cost. In the dining cars (which are put on in relays at certain fixed points) meals are served exactly on time from day to day, and even in the wildest regions the passenger may be sure of dining, supping or breakfasting as well and cheaply as at any first-class hotel. The second point upon which comment is permissible is the invariable courtesy of all the railway's servants; I myself am much indebted to engineers, conductors and division officials for facilities in seeing and learning about the country over which we travelled. Wonderful in its construction, the road is equally admirable for the spirit and carefulness with which it is run.

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